

# The Sketch

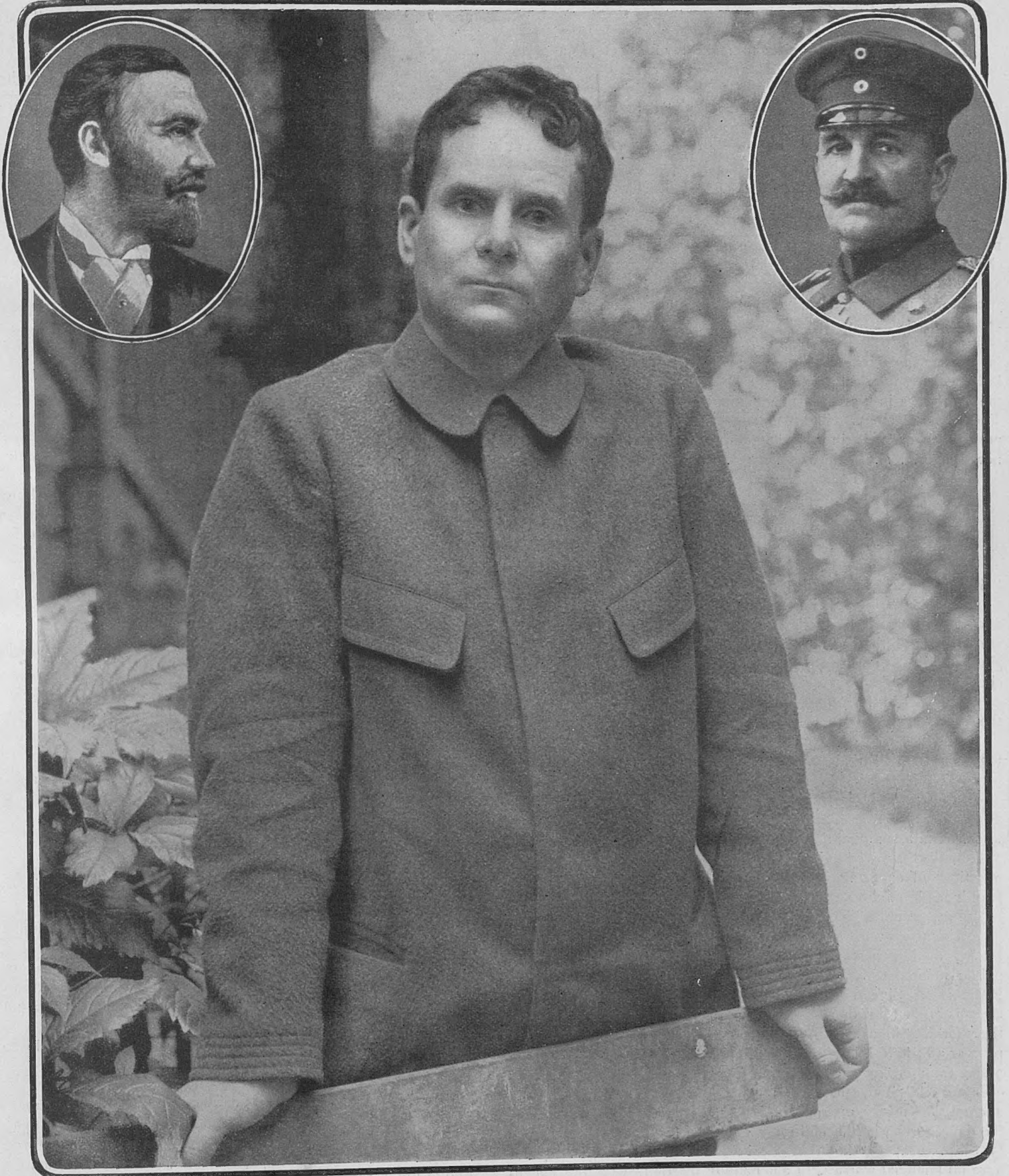
No. 770.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

PRINCE PHILIPP ZU EULENBURG HERTEFELD.

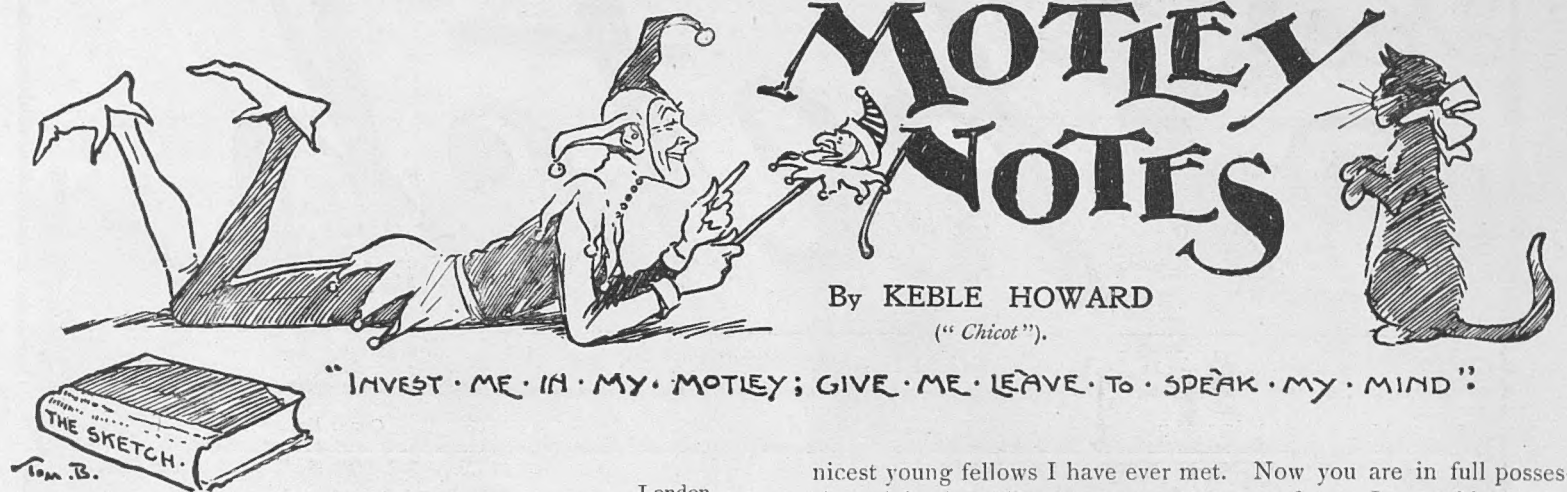
COUNT KUNO VON MOLTKE, THE PLAINTIFF.



THE BERLIN BULLDOG: HERR MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, DEFENDANT IN THE REMARKABLE LIBEL ACTION BROUGHT BY COUNT KUNO VON MOLTKE.

Nothing in the extraordinary libel case in which Count Kuno von Moltke was the plaintiff and Herr Maximilian Harden, editor of "Die Zukunft," the defendant, was more remarkable than the bulldog tenacity shown by Herr Harden. The scene in court, indeed, suggested time after time that it was Herr Harden who was the plaintiff, and he it was who was continually saying, "I accuse." Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg Hertefeld was one of the witnesses Herr Harden's counsel particularly wished to call, but the Prince sent his medical attendant to court to state that he was too ill to attend.—[Photographs supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.]





"The Daily Cricket."

I am going to make my fortune. I am going to bring out a daily paper that will be persistently optimistic. We shall look on the bright side of life each morning instead of on the dark side. You will smile at the breakfast-table and roar with laughter in the train. Everybody will get so fat that the third-class carriages will seat only four each side instead of five. Weeping and wailing and great sounds of lamentation will no longer be heard in the land. Life is what you think it is, and I shall make you think it great fun. The only evil I shall not be able to remedy will be actual physical pain, and even that, since it generally springs from the nerves, I shall allay. When there is a railway accident, instead of dwelling upon the number killed and the awful scenes of agony, I shall tell you how many were saved and how delighted they were to be restored to their friends and relations. When things are mighty bad on the Stock Exchange I shall give statistics showing that, in matters financial, the darkest cloud is invariably followed by brilliant sunshine. I shall print the births in "long primer," the marriages in "great primer," and the deaths in "nonpareil." The advertisements will be toned down: at present the joyousness of the ads. is in pitiful contrast to the pessimism of the news pages. . . . Is the scheme sound?

### WHAT SARAH KNEW.

A COMEDY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE KNELL.

"Sit down," said the doctor. "What can I do for you?"

Sir Horace Hayward, Bart., sank back into the arm-chair. The doctor noticed that the inside of his hat was damp with perspiration, although the day was chilly. The doctor, being human, was glad. This was not a case for the chemist. This was money—fat cheques and kudos.

"Now," said the doctor, lowering the blind a little and stirring the fire. "Tell me the symptoms, Sir Horace."

"They are most peculiar," said Sir Horace, clasping his hands together to still their trembling. "I am a perfectly healthy man—that is to say, I was a perfectly healthy man until a year or two ago. I inherited a splendid constitution from my parents and grandparents, and, although you may be inclined to doubt my word, I can assure you that I have never abused it."

The doctor waved a deprecating hand. He told himself that he was tired of expostulating with liars. There was no money in it. It only made them cross.

"Pray proceed," he said.

"About two years ago," Sir Horace continued, "in response to the repeated requests of my wife, I began to take an interest in public affairs, with a view to representing my constituency in Parliament. Since that time my health has steadily declined. My sleep is broken by dreams of the most hideous nature. I spend the morning in a state of profound dejection. At luncheon I recover a little if I happen to be in cheerful society, but if I am alone, the morning mood returns with redoubled force. Towards evening, oddly enough, I get much better, and I retire to rest in a condition nearly approaching the normal. But the anguish of the day returns when I close my eyes in sleep, and this accounts for the dreams. I smoke and drink, but only in moderation. I have no financial worries. I am happily married—with the exception"—here he lowered his voice as though by instinct—"of the little tendency towards ambition that I have already mentioned. My boys are doing well, and my girl is engaged to one of the

nicest young fellows I have ever met. Now you are in full possession of the facts, Doctor; at any rate, so far as I am able to give you them."

"Quite so," said the doctor. "You have been candour itself, Sir Horace. There is just one question I wish to put, and you must understand that I have no desire to alarm you. Is there any insanity in your family?"

"Not a trace, so far as I am aware."

"Ah!" The doctor thought long and hard. He was wondering whether he could possibly wriggle out of dividing the spoil with a specialist. He decided that he dare not risk it.

"Can you call here at noon on Wednesday?" he asked. "I should like you to see Sir Dickson Jebblett."

"Certainly," said Sir Horace. "By the way, I have heard Sir Dickson's name before. Who is he?"

"Well," said the doctor, "to be quite frank with you, he is a specialist on mental cases. . . . Ah! I ought to have warned you about the step down!"

#### CHAPTER II.—THE COURAGE OF LADY HAYWARD.

Lady Hayward pulled herself together. Whenever she did that, you noticed that she was a particularly fine woman.

"Horace," she said, "we must look this thing squarely in the face."

"Certainly, my dear," said Sir Horace. "The odd thing is that, since my talk with the doctor, I have been feeling better and better. And yet I have done nothing but think about it all the time!"

"Probably another symptom," said Lady Hayward unflinchingly. "I have no desire to bustle you, but are your affairs all in order?"

"Pretty well. But, if you wish it, I'll wire Emlyn to come over to dinner this evening, and we can go into everything afterwards."

"That will be best," said Lady Hayward, secretly amazed that England should still produce such Spartan women.

#### CHAPTER III.—OUT OF THE MOUTH OF SARAH.

"Eard the news about the boss?" observed the footman.

"What 's that, then?" asked the cook.

"Mad as a 'atter," said the footman, who always allowed himself the luxury of the silent "h" at meal-times.

"Go on!" cried the first parlour-maid.

"True as I sit 'ere," said the footman. "Went up to see old Jebblett to-day—the bloke that got knighted for discovering seven new ways of going dotty. Got out of the train looking like that there tablecloth."

"'Ope 'e won't go wanderin' about at night," said the cook, reaching out for the beer-jug. "Nice thing if anyone was to be found dead in anyone's bed in the morning." Which was rather obscure, but piously meant.

"I know what's the matter with the master," said little Sarah meekly.

"You? Go hon!" cried everybody rhythmically.

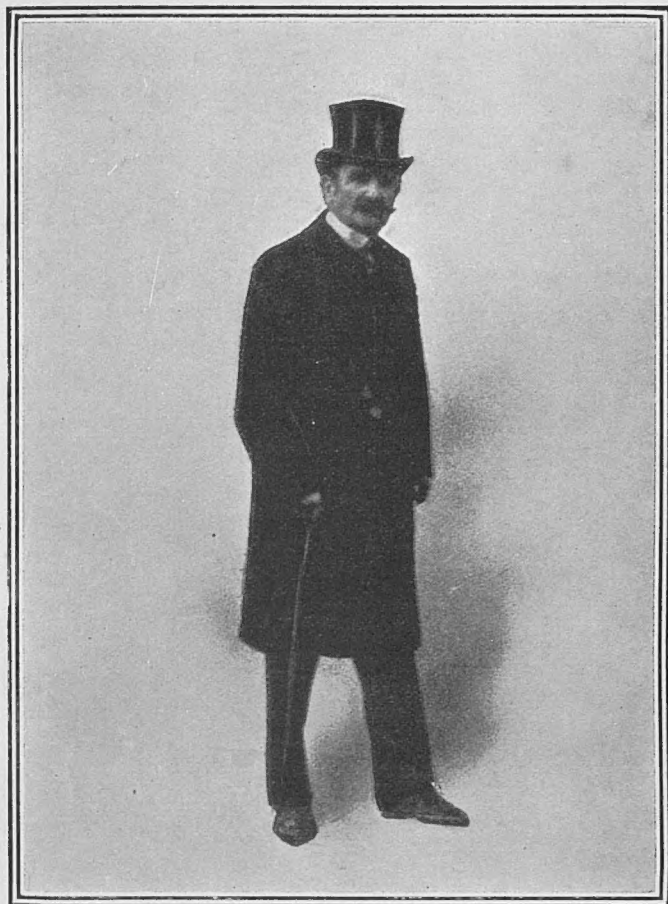
"I do, all the same," persisted Sarah. "It's all the papers he reads as does it. 'E's as right as rain when 'e don't read no papers. Look when they first told 'im 'e was going off it; he was so worried 'e forgot even to look at the papers, and 'e was ever so much better. And at night, too, when 'e can't get none! You can 'ear 'im laugh! Mark me, that's the trouble!"

Sir Horace did the right thing. Sarah's mother's cottage has been whitewashed.

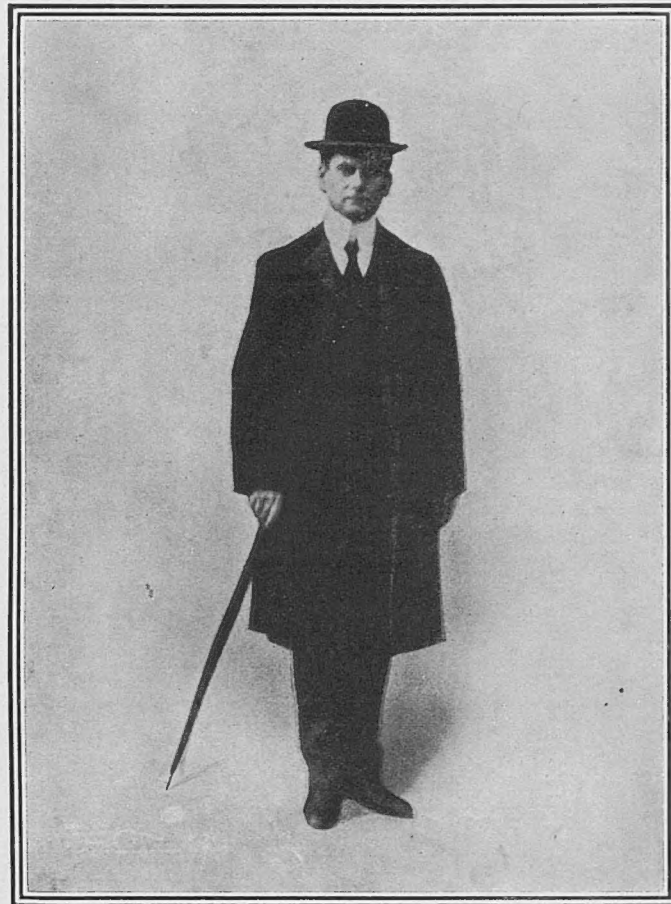


# WAS THE GERMAN EMPEROR A PUPPET?

THE ALLEGED GERMAN CAMARILLA.



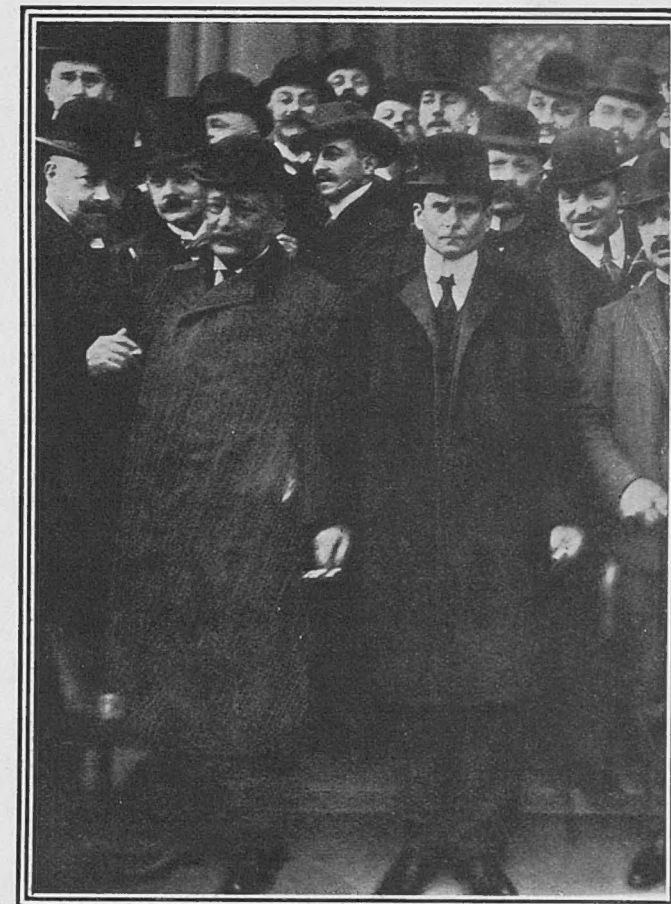
COUNT KUNO VON MOLTKE, FORMER COMMANDANT OF BERLIN, WHO BROUGHT THE LIBEL ACTION AGAINST MR. MAXIMILIAN HARDEN.



MR. MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, EDITOR OF "DIE ZUKUNFT," DEFENDANT IN THE GREAT BERLIN LIBEL ACTION.



FRAU VON ELBE, THE FORMER WIFE OF COUNT KUNO VON MOLTKE, AND HER SON.



Mr. Bernstein Mr. Harden.  
MR. MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, WITH HIS COUNSEL, COUNCILLOR OF JUSTICE MAX BERNSTEIN.

## GREAT FIGURES IN THE EXTRAORDINARY LIBEL CASE IN BERLIN.

The libel action brought by Count Kuno von Moltke against Mr. Maximilian Harden aroused extraordinary public interest, not only in Germany but throughout the world. One of the defendant's allegations is that there existed round the Kaiser a ring of men whose boast it was that they could make his Imperial Majesty do their will and their will alone, and that the moral character of some of these men was not above suspicion. A remarkable number of interesting names were mentioned in the case, including that of "the most exalted Person in the Empire," whom some, at all events, desired to call as a witness. In the course of evidence, Dr. von Gordon, counsel for the plaintiff, stated, "In the name of my client, I declare that a group of the kind described is absolutely unknown to him. No coterie and no camarilla exists." The Count's suit was based on eight articles, dealing with the supposed "Round Table of the Kaiser," which appeared in "Die Zukunft," and accused the members of that Table of obtaining undue and harmful influence over the Emperor.—[Photographs by Haackel Bros., Berlin.]



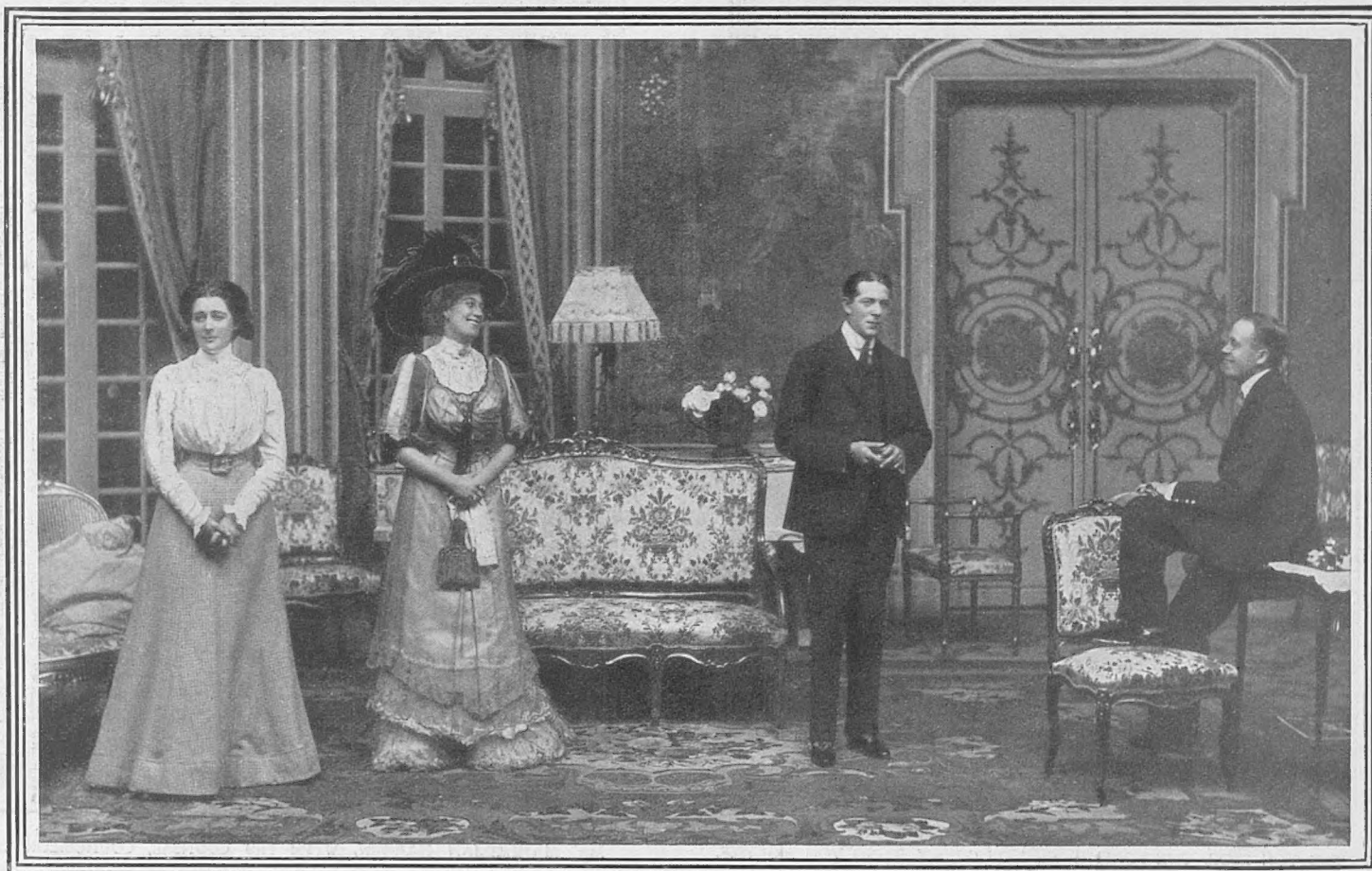
## FROM SHOW - GIRL TO SIMPLE MISS:

"THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH," AT THE APOLLO.



Reggie Hankey (Mr. Lawrence Grossmith). Parsons (Mr. Charles Lane). Lily Kerr (Miss Lettice Fairfax). Elizabeth Banks (Miss Miriam Clements). Harry Fairfax (Mr. H. Marsh Allen). Mr. Whitby (Mr. H. V. Esmond). Blanche Macyntyre (Miss Florence Lloyd).

THE SHOW - GIRL STAGE: LIZZIE BANKS EXPLAINS HOW SHE WOULD LIKE TO TREAT THE MANAGER WHO WANTED TO MAKE HER WEAR A STAGE DRESS IN WHICH SHE WOULD APPEAR LIKE "APHRODITE RISING FROM THE SEA AT LOW TIDE."



Elizabeth Banks (Miss Miriam Clements). Blanche Macyntyre (Miss Florence Lloyd).

Harry Fairfax (Mr. H. Marsh Allen).

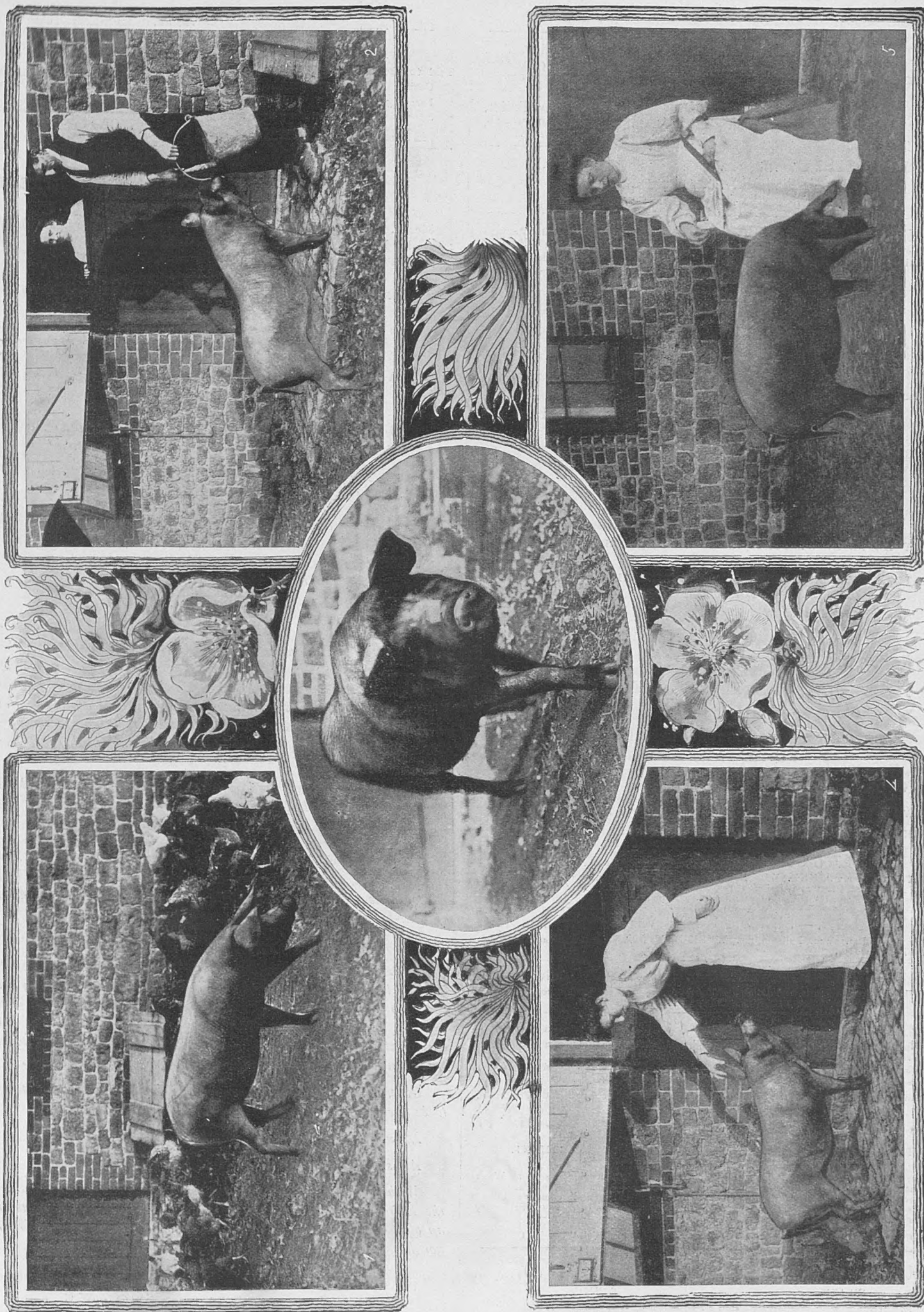
Reggie Hankey (Mr. Lawrence Grossmith).

THE SIMPLE MISS STAGE: MISS ELIZABETH BANKS, RETURNED FROM A YEAR OF STRENUOUS EDUCATION, IS SHOCKED AT THE VULGARITY OF HER ONE - TIME ASSOCIATE, BLANCHE MACYNTYRE, NOW MRS. REGGIE HANKEY.

Elizabeth Banks is a show-girl in musical comedy. Harry Fairfax falls in love with her and proposes marriage; but, a little uncertain as to what figure she will cut in his set, persuades her to go to Switzerland for a year to be educated. She agrees, and works her hardest. Fairfax is all eagerness to meet her again after this time, but when she does come to Paris he is disappointed, and cannot hide his feelings sufficiently not to show it. The somewhat flamboyant, cigarette-smoking, high-spirited girl has become a simple English miss of the most pronounced type, with hardly a word to say for herself, and with a lively horror of wine and cigarettes. To this is allied a detestation of the vulgarity of some of her old associates. In all this Harry Fairfax finds disillusionment. The woman he loved has disappeared, and another has taken her place. Hence a variety of misunderstandings, which, however, are righted in the end. — [Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]



# A BEAUTIFUL RECRUIT TO THE COMEDY STAGE: PATSY INTIME.



1. PATSY O'RAFFERTY AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS. 2. AN EARLY BREAKFAST BEFORE REHEARSAL. 3. PATSY O'RAFFERTY AT HOME. 4. IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM. 5. LEARNING HIS PART.

PATSY O'RAFFERTY, WHO HAS A GRUNTING PART IN MR. H. V. ESMOND'S "THE O'GRINDLES," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Patsy O'Rafferty has been specially engaged by Mr. Cyril Maude. His appearance in "The O'Grindles" will be his first on any stage, and he is looking forward to his debut with a delight that is not unmingled with trepidation. At the moment, he is hard at work studying his part on Lady Cunliffe's farm at Petworth. — [Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]



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**BEXHILL and HASTINGS** by the Brighton Railway.—On  
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Acids, to reduce weight dangerous and useless. Evils of Over-eating and Sedentary Habits.  
Food in its relation to Work, Exercise, &c. Analysis and composition of some of the largely  
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Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union  
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the  
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, LTD.  
**Where to Live Round London (Southern Side.)** With a Chapter upon the  
Geology and Subsoils. W. H. Shrubsole,  
F.G.S. 2s. net.

DEAN AND SONS, LTD.  
**Told to the Little Tot.** Edmund Vance  
Cook. Illustrated by Bessie Collins  
Pease. 3s. 6d. net.

ELKIN MATHEWS.  
**Verses to a Child.** Mabel Trustram. Illus-  
trated by Edith Calvert. 2s.  
CASSELL.  
**The Dainty Lady Lucy.** Foxcroft Davis. 6s.  
**Popular Fallacies.** A. S. E. Ackermann. 6s.  
**Not George Washington.** H. Westbrook  
and P. G. Wodehouse. 6s.  
**The Fairy Land of Living Things.**  
Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. Photographs by  
Cherry Kearton. 3s. 6d.

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## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

### TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.  
Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,  
and be fully titled.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand  
words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general  
articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether  
(a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been  
sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No  
published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made  
to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written  
carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print  
must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and  
Foreign—are particularly desired.

### SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes,  
buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used.  
Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints  
of well-known and continually photographed places.

### GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected  
contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not  
accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings,  
paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely  
to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,  
the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does  
an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"  
nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-nine (from July 17 to  
Oct. 9, 1907) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any  
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



£500 A WEEK FOR TELLING STORIES.



MISS MARIE DRESSLER, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE AT A RECORD SALARY.

Miss Dressler is drawing a record salary for a short "turn," during which she tells stories, sings, and dances. In America she can always earn a salary of £500 a week. This is her first professional visit to England.

Photographs by White and the Dover Street Studios.





# THE CLUBMAN

A SWEDISH CHALLENGE FOR THE AMERICA CUP—THE PERSIAN AND FILIPINO PARLIAMENTS—  
WHAT A BENGALI PARLIAMENT WOULD DO.



IN England we hear nothing now concerning the America Cup, for the decision of Sir Thomas Lipton not to challenge under the conditions which the New York Yacht Club Committee have laid down has for the present killed all interest in the coveted trophy. A letter from Stockholm tells me that at the moment the Swedes are as excited concerning an international yacht-race as the English have ever been, for the Royal Yacht Club of Stockholm has intimated, either officially or unofficially, its desire to send a yacht to American waters to race for the America Cup, and a guarantee fund has been started.

Sweden is willing to conform to all the New York conditions, and will build a seventy-footer or a ninety-footer, as may be necessary. New York, I believe, is not so enthusiastic over the challenge as is Stockholm. It is one thing to hold a cup won from England and to build a boat to defend it when, at long intervals, a Briton takes a yacht across the Atlantic to try and "lift" it, but it is quite another matter to defend the cup against the world.

If Sweden can challenge, Switzerland could claim an equal right; an enthusiastic Turk might think that Islam should possess the Giaour's cherished trophy, and all the little South American Republics would, whenever the United States told them that they really must make some pretence of paying their debts, reply by a challenge for the America Cup. Of course, New York has no intention of parting with the cup so long as it can be held by fair means, and to beat a British yacht now and again provides an agreeable sight for the American populace, puts money into the pockets of the tug and excursion-steamer owners, and is a pleasant stimulus to the national pride; but to have to be ready to meet all the "freaks" of all the nations of the world is a large order, even for America.

The Bengalis want a parliament in India, and like the little boy in the soap advertisement, they will not be happy till they get it. The Shah of Persia has just given his country a parliament, and the people of the United States have given their fellow-citizens in the Philippines an assembly, and I have no doubt all the students of parliamentary institutions are watching these recent additions to the parliamentary family with much interest. The

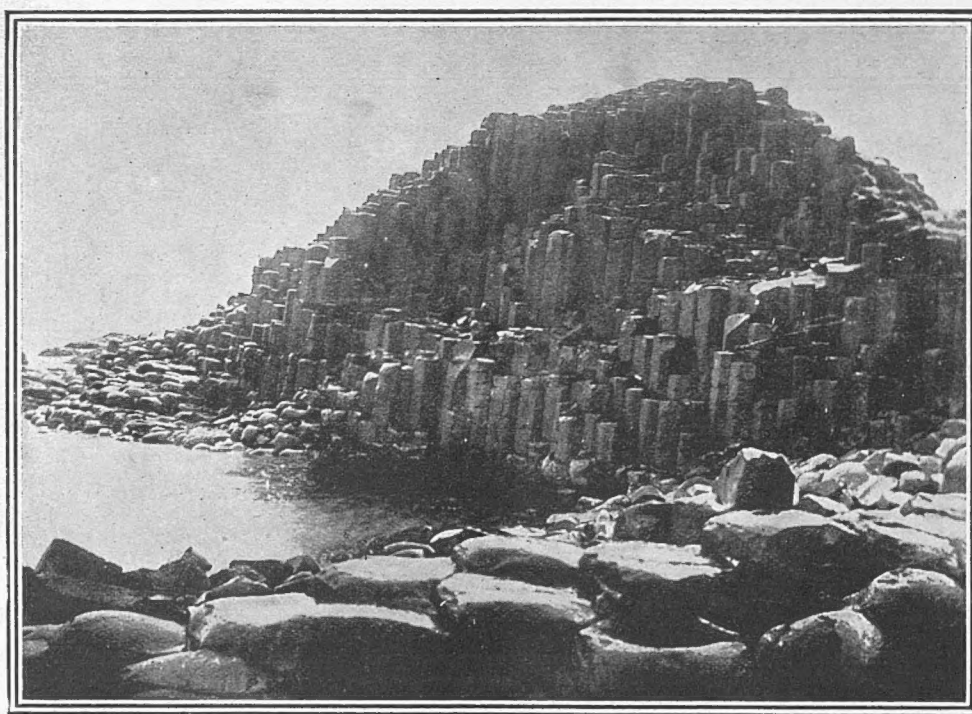
doings of the Persian parliament are very much what I fancy the doings of a Bengali parliament would be. One of the first legislative efforts of the Persian M.P.s was to raise a national guard, which was instructed to drill daily outside the parliament-house, in order that the members might feel quite secure. Then the parliamentary body turned its attention to impeachment and confiscation, and at intervals passed votes that the civil servants should have half the salaries owing to them paid, and that the officers of the army should be paid in full. A Cabinet is formed every month, and resigns the month after, because it has no funds to deal with, and the Shah is always represented as being much puzzled at the situation, as well he may be.

The Filipinos have begun nobly. Mr. Taft, who seems likely to be the next President of the United States, opened the assembly in due form, and the elected of the people professed due thankfulness and loyalty to their American benefactors. The next duty, however, that Mr. Taft has had to perform is to warn one of the parties that its ideals would not be regarded with any enthusiasm by the Americans. This party of educated men think that too much education would not be good for their fellow Filipinos, so they would limit education to 10 per cent. of the population, and they would import Chinese to do all the manual work. There is a typical touch of the Malayan dislike of all hard work about this.



PLAY AS A RELAXATION FROM PLAYING; MESSRS. JAN AND BORIS HAMBURG TRY THE NEW GAME.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



IS IT TO BE SHIPPED TO AMERICA? THE WORLD-FAMOUS GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, WHICH, IT IS SAID, IS TO BE REMOVED TO THE UNITED STATES.

The "Belfast Northern Whig" gives currency to an extraordinary story that the Giant's Causeway, or at least a part of it, is to be shipped to the United States. According to the report, the dispatch of the first consignment has already been arranged for. The basaltic columns, it is said, are to be packed in cases, forwarded to the Mersey, and from there sent to Philadelphia at a cost of something like fifteen shillings a ton. The Causeway, it may be noted, is a formation of prismatic basaltic columns, and is situated sixteen miles east-north-east of Portrush. It projects into the sea from the base of a stratified cliff some four hundred feet in height, and contains forty thousand columns.

fied men for any vacant post, there would soon be mobs with lathes outside the house of the first Indian native parliament shouting "Bande Mataram!" and the more dreaded word, "Maro!" ("Kill!")

A Bengali parliament, if it did ever spring into existence, would, I fancy, soon be destroyed by the Bengalis. The first act of a Babu parliament would be to provide for its own personal safety, and Calcutta would be heavily garrisoned with parliamentary troops; the second act would be to declare all the official positions in the land to be open to natives, and to appoint as soon as possible the most loquacious native members of the Civil Service to be Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces. The third act would be to pass a resolution that no Bengalis were to qualify for the Civil Service until the present qualified overplus were absorbed. As under any Government Bengal will always supply ten quali-



THE AUTHOR OF "WASTE" AS GENERAL BURGOYNE.

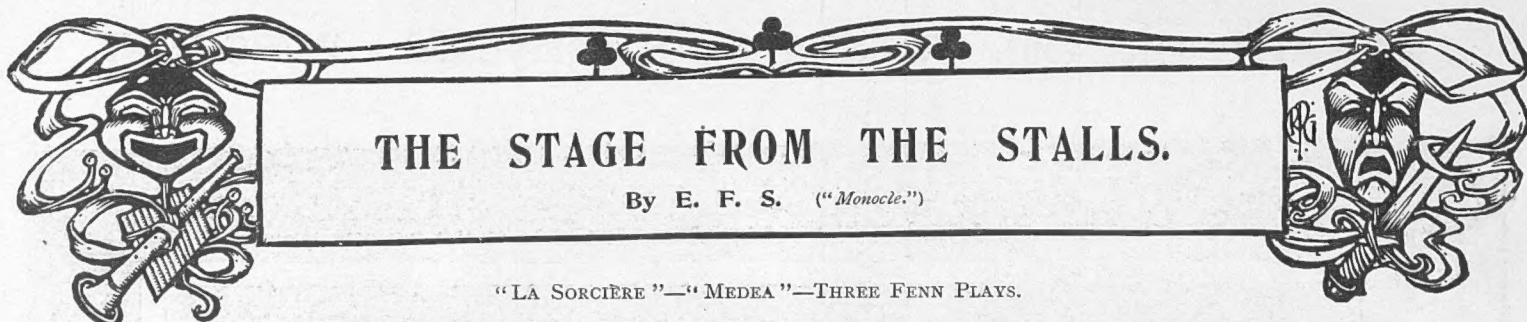


MR. GRANVILLE BARKER AS GENERAL BURGOYNE IN "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE," AT THE SAVOY.

Great interest is being taken in the revival of Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," and that interest has not been lessened by the fact that the General Burgoyne is Mr. Granville Barker, the censoring of whose play, "Waste," has caused so much stir in theatrical circles.

*Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LA SORCIÈRE"—"MEDEA"—THREE FENN PLAYS.

THERE were moments on Monday evening of last week when some of us said—sotto voce, of course—this is hardly the Bernhardt that used to thrill us, and yet her name came irresistibly into our thoughts on the following afternoon, when "Medea" was being played. The remark may be made with little disparagement to Miss Edyth Olive. We do not seem to grow in this country actresses for such characters as Zoraya, the sorceress of Sardou's play, or Medea, the heroine of the appalling tragedy by Euripides. The question is not exactly one of art, but energy. In sports we are the long-distance runners, the good stayers; in art we seem to be the sprinters. Bernhardt, who won a Conservatoire prize in 1862, when she was seventeen years old, could certainly give some stones and a beating to many, perhaps all, of our well-known actresses in "Medea." This, I fear, is somewhat disrespectful talk about serious matters of art, a term, however, which hardly includes "La Sorcière," the ingenious melodrama by Sardou, of which a kind of boiled-down version was given to us on Monday at the New Royalty. I do not complain of the boiling-down. To say that the passage of time has not abated the powers of Bernhardt would be polite, but untrue. To assert that enough remain to enable her to thrill the old stager and stagger the young is but bare justice, and there is no room for subtleties in the play she had to represent. She cooed through a couple of acts, using, perhaps, the golden vox humana stop of her voice a little too lavishly, and then she cursed the inquisitors as vigorously as some of us would like to curse the Censor. Praise certainly is due to Mesdames Blanche Dufrène and Renée Parny for brilliant performances in smaller parts, and some of the gentlemen of the company were excellent.

In "Medea" we had a good deal of cursing and very little else, as far as the drama was concerned. The play certainly is not the masterpiece of its mighty author, and one is rather baffled by the fact that one cannot care twopence about either of the two chief characters, and yet these are not sufficiently far from us to be considered impartially. In the case of the "Hippolytus," the intervention of the gods was so manifest that one felt grieved for Phædra: her wickedness seemed almost involuntary, like a crime committed under the compulsion of a hypnotic suggestion. No such element is obvious in Medea, whose awful murders come from the badness of her heart. The first act certainly was dull, but the skill of the dramatist—skill the more wonderful in that he wrote under very severe conditions—caused the play gradually to seize the audience, till we were mightily moved; yet, alas! a little dashed when Medea appeared on the dragon-drawn aero-car

which bore her off to Athens. Our sense of wrong and right seemed violated when we saw a woman escaping comfortably after murdering four people, including her own sons, in order to grieve a faithless husband.

What wonderful things can be done by genius! Although the subject is ill chosen, although the conventions of the chorus are unacceptable, and although the acting was not quite great enough,

the play was thrilling for a good half-hour. No mean measure of thanks is due to Professor Gilbert Murray, in whom Euripides lives again. The dramatic dialogue came out with remarkable force, many lines ringing with life, and the lyrical passages assigned to the chorus seeming often of great beauty—though I confess it was difficult to hear them perfectly. For it is not easy to follow what is being said by half-a-dozen young ladies simultaneously, even if they speak rhythmically to the direction of a conductor's bâton. Mrs. Lee Matthews kept them together admirably, and sometimes the effect was very good. Whether an exact reproduction of the original manner of handling the chorus would be satisfactory to us we may never know; certainly every compromise will have its weak points. Miss Olive's Medea is really a very able piece of work. Probably the older method, the rhetorical, would be better than an attempt to realise the sorceress as a comprehensible modern woman; but the actress had no mean success in her style, and gave a very vivid picture of the venomous, barbaric creature in whose bosom there was an appalling fight between love for her children and hatred of her husband. The Jason of Mr. Hubert Carter was quite strong and effective; while Mr. Lewis Casson, as a Messenger, well deserved applause by his able delivery of the great speech describing the catastrophe.



SARAH OF THE DOUBLE LIFE AT THE NEW ROYALTY: MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN "PHÈDRE."

Mme. Bernhardt's two weeks' season at the New Royalty Theatre began on Monday of last week, a day or two after the production of the English version of her much-discussed memoirs, "My Double Life." She has arranged to produce Racine's "Phèdre" this afternoon (the 30th).

It is agreeable to find that there are three one-act plays by Mr. Fenn at one time on the boards, since he has just the gift for writing them, and his success may induce managers to abandon the evil policy of giving "musical turns" as *levers de rideau* or, perhaps, worse still, of permitting authors to drag out a three-act subject into four, and thus fill an evening bill. "The Nelson Touch," "The Convict on the Hearth," and "Op o' me Thumb" are just the right kind of episodic play, for the boiled-down comedy often offered as a comedieta is all wrong: the Fenn pieces have the merit of interesting both the people in the unreserved seats and those who come later. Indeed, they are so good that those who generally dine very late may honestly be advised to shorten their dinner and come to see one of the fine studies of humble life or the clever short work concerning our national hero.



IN STORMY MOOD: THE NEW JOHN STORM.

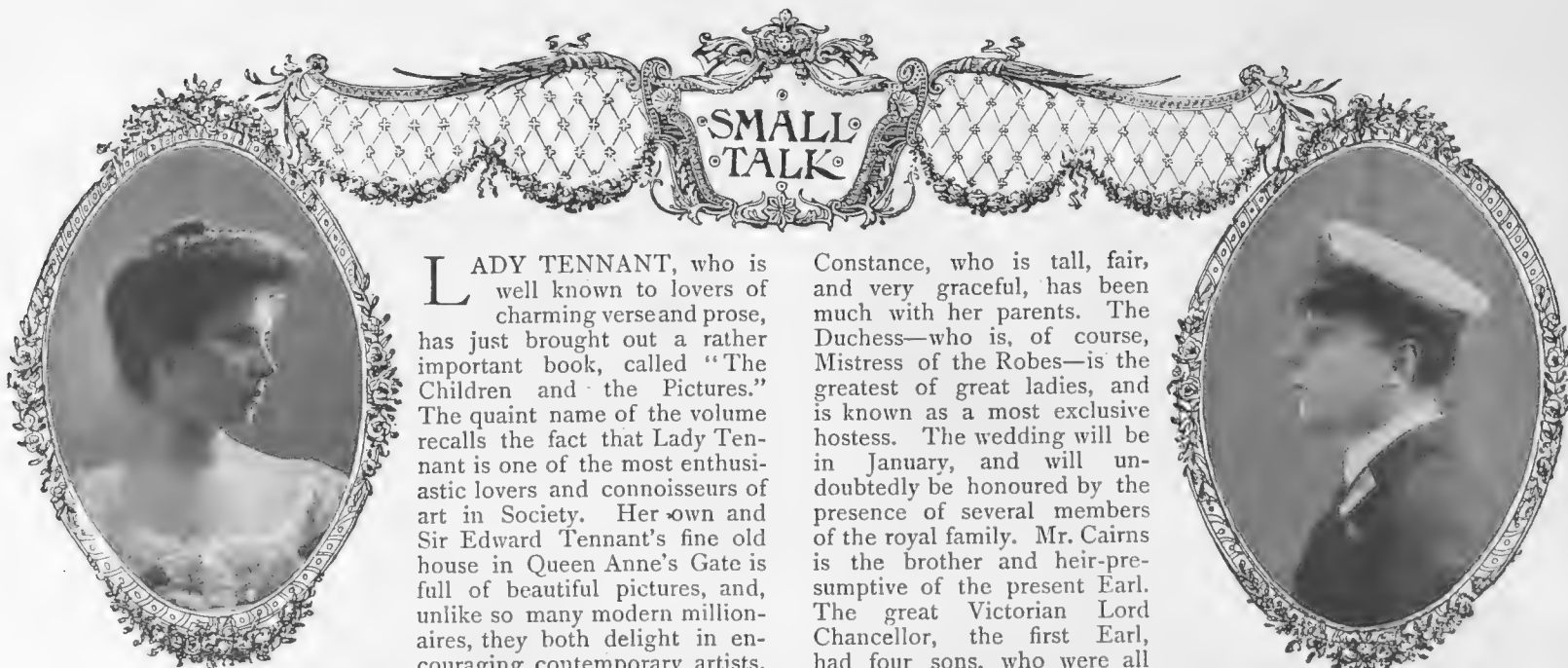


MR. ARTHUR WONTNER IN "THE CHRISTIAN," AT THE LYCEUM.

Mr. Arthur Wontner, the Australian actor, has succeeded Mr. Matheson Lang in the part of John Storm in the new stage version of "The Christian."  
Mr. Lang is playing Dick Dudgeon in "The Devil's Disciple," at the Savoy.

*Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.*





A TITLED CHAMPION CYCLIST: COUNTESS ILONA BETHLEN, WHO RECENTLY RODE AGAINST THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA.

The Countess, who is an ardent cyclist, recently rode against and beat Princess Letitia, Duchess of Aosta, and Signora Barato, the most famous woman professional cyclist in Italy. The Countess is the daughter of Count Andrea Bethlen, and was the youngest of the three competitors.

Photograph by Strelisky.

from Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his hapless, lovely wife.

#### *An Interesting November Wedding.*

After a very short engagement, the marriage of Marguerite, Lady Tennant, and Mr. Geoffrey Lubbock will take place next month. The bride, who has now been a widow for over a year, became the second wife of Sir Charles Tennant nine years ago, she being at the time one of the most popular spinsters in Society. As Miss Miles she was considered one of the best lady golfers in the kingdom, and she was also noted as a musical amateur. Lady Tennant's jewels are famous even in these days of gorgeous gems, and she has always been noted for her taste in dress. She has a delightful house, within easy motoring distance of town, and there she and her little daughters have lived a retired life since the late Sir Charles Tennant's death.

#### *A Montagu House Wedding.*

The engagement of Lady Constance Scott to Mr. Douglas Cairns is of great interest to Society, not only in itself, but also because it promises a wedding from that beautiful Italian palace in Whitehall, Montagu House, the town House of the Duke of Buccleuch. Since the marriage of her sister, Lady Katharine—who is now Lady Hampden—Lady

LADY TENNANT, who is well known to lovers of charming verse and prose, has just brought out a rather important book, called "The Children and the Pictures." The quaint name of the volume recalls the fact that Lady Tennant is one of the most enthusiastic lovers and connoisseurs of art in Society. Her own and Sir Edward Tennant's fine old house in Queen Anne's Gate is full of beautiful pictures, and, unlike so many modern millionaires, they both delight in encouraging contemporary artists. Lady Tennant owes her quaint name of Pamela to the fact that she is, through her mother, Mrs. Percy Wyndham, descended

Constance, who is tall, fair, and very graceful, has been much with her parents. The Duchess—who is, of course, Mistress of the Robes—is the greatest of great ladies, and is known as a most exclusive hostess. The wedding will be in January, and will undoubtedly be honoured by the presence of several members of the royal family. Mr. Cairns is the brother and heir-presumptive of the present Earl. The great Victorian Lord Chancellor, the first Earl, had four sons, who were all brought up as strict Evangelicals; and yet they were curiously different. The eldest had his father's shyness; the second was an extraordinarily genial, sociable man, with a great taste for machines—especially motor-cars; while the present Peer is a soldier and a cricketer.

#### *Lord Loreburn's Engagement.*

The engagement of the Lord Chancellor to Miss Violet Hicks-Beach promises the first wedding of a Cabinet Minister that there has been since, unless we are mistaken, Mr. Asquith's. Tall, dark, and of a stately presence, the Lord Chancellor fulfils his great office with the utmost dignity; but in private life he is still the genial "Bob" Reid, and perhaps, if you look closely at his hands, you will be reminded of the days when he kept wicket for Oxford. He also got his "half-blue" for

#### THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE FAVOURITE BROTHER OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN: PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

Queen Victoria Eugénie has so timed her visit to this country that she will be here for the rejoicings in connection with the coming-of-age of her brother, Prince Alexander. The young Prince has adopted a naval career. He gets his name of Alexander from his uncle, the hero of Bulgaria.

Photograph by Helen McCaul.



LADY TENNANT, WHOSE BOOK, "THE CHILDREN AND THE PICTURES," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by H. Waller Barnett.



MARGUERITE, LADY TENNANT, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. GEOFFREY LUBBOCK NEXT MONTH.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

racquets. "Bob" Reid's secret of success lies in the fact that he has always known when to play and when to rest, as well as when to work. He rests at Kingsdown House, his place near Dover, where he is regarded by the villagers as a very lazy man. The story goes that, when it was suggested to him that he should have his stable clock wound up and repaired, he replied, "Time! What do I care for time? I want to forget all about time when I come down here." He took his peerage title of Loreburn from the shout, or slogan, of the Nithsdale men, which often re-echoed in the streets of Dumfries in the times of old Border warfare. "A Loreburn" is, indeed, still preserved as the motto in the town's coat-of-arms. Lord Loreburn is a player of "real" tennis, but he was beaten for the amateur championship by his present colleague in the Cabinet, Sir Edward Grey.



✻   ✻   OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!   ✻   ✻



BLUE LIGHT IN PLACE OF CHLOROFORM: DR. REDARD RENDERING A PATIENT UNCONSCIOUS.

The Doctor, who is chief of the Cantonal School of Dentistry at Geneva, claims that blue light is a perfect anæsthetic. The patient's head is covered with a dark-blue cloth, in order that the daylight may be shut out, and to force him to concentrate his gaze on the blue electric bulb held under the cloth. In three minutes the patient is ready for the operation.—[*Photograph by H. Deville.*]



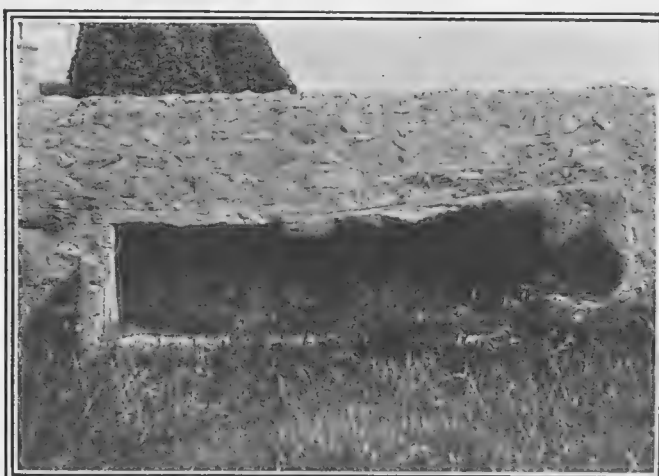
MOTOR-CARS FOR EVERYBODY, AND HOUSES BUILT IN TWELVE HOURS: MR. THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

The great inventor has perfected an electric storage-battery of such capacity that the motor-car is likely to be placed within reach of practically everybody. He has also discovered a method of building cheap houses in twelve hours. He proposes to set up iron moulds and to fill these with concrete. A house 25 feet by 45 feet would cost less than £200, and be ready in six days.—[*Photograph by Byron Co.*]



THE OLDEST RAILWAY STATION IN ENGLAND.

The thatched two-roomed cottage illustrated is the oldest railway station in England, and is in the village of Ruthern, Cornwall. The cottage is about twenty yards from a terminus of the London and South Western Railway, and was first used as a station in about 1832.—[*Photograph by Halfpence, Ltd.*]



THE ONLY COFFIN-WALL IN THE WORLD.

It is believed that the little Dorsetshire village of Abbotsbury, near Dorchester, is the only place in the world where may be seen an ancient stone coffin embedded in a wall. This coffin, which attracts much attention from visitors, and is one of the prides of the villagers, is here illustrated.



WHERE STOLEN ARTICLES ARE SOLD UNDER POLICE SUPERVISION: THE THIEVES' MARKET IN MOSCOW.

Russia has a law by which stolen goods become the property of the thief if he can prove that he has had possession of them for over five years. In the thieves' market—which is, of course, licensed by the police—goods that admittedly have been stolen (more than five years before) are openly offered for sale, and the place is a veritable Mecca for the light-fingered gentry and their enterprising friends, as also for the more honest members of society, who secure many a tempting bargain.



TEACHING THE FRENCH POLICEMAN TO SAY "MOVE ON, PLEASE," AND "HIGHER UP THERE."

M. Lépine, doubtless enamoured of the Entente Cordiale, is having a number of French police taught English. It will be noted that two of the phrases the Parisian "bobby" has to learn are "Move on, please," and "Higher up there." Can it be that the first is to be used to English tourists? The use of the second we are unable to fathom, as we have heard no rumour of the importation of British busmen into Paris. Possibly it is for use when the Lord Mayor takes his coach—and coachman—across the Channel.—[*Photograph supplied by Topical.*]





TO MARRY THE HON. ALEXANDER GRAHAM LAWRENCE: MISS HOBSON.

*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*

long journeys with very great philosophy, and the infant Prince of Asturias will, it is pleasant to learn, make his first acquaintance with the sea on a British battle-ship. The youngest of Queen Victoria's British descendants is the baby son of Princess Alexander of Teck, whose home is in Windsor Castle, though he was born at Claremont.

*A Future Peeress.* On Nov. 12, at Greenford, will take place the marriage of Miss Hobson and the Hon. Alexander Graham Lawrence, the only son and heir of Lord and Lady Lawrence. The future Mrs. Lawrence may well be proud of the family of which she will so soon become a member, for the Lawrence peerage commemorates some of the grandest events in English history. The present Lord Lawrence is the second baron, and his uncle was the famous hero of the Indian Mutiny. Lord and Lady Lawrence own the estate of Grateley, near Andover. They have a second home in Chetwode Manor House, near Buckingham.

THE King and Queen will celebrate his Majesty's birthday surrounded by their children and grandchildren, and the arrival of little Prince Olaf will be specially welcome, for he has already become a subject of hero-worship in his own country, and that not by the fair sex alone. The rival royal nurseries lend a charming domestic touch to the family gathering which now takes place each November at Sandringham. Royal babies seem to bear

a brilliant career at Sandhurst, where he carried off the sword of honour. His pretty bride is a daughter of Mr. Emerson Bainbridge.

*Another Anglo-American Alliance.* Sporting people as well as Society at large are interested

in the marriage of Mr. Henry Coventry, Lord and Lady Coventry's third son, to Mrs. McCreery. This charming and popular American is a prominent member of the American colony in London. She belongs by birth to the inner circle of the New York Four Hundred, for she is a granddaughter of the famous Peter Lorillard. She has lately been in America, and was one of the first of the *Lusitania* passengers. This marriage will add a brilliant and accomplished hostess to the group of ladies who have become English on their marriage.



TO MARRY THE HON. HENRY COVENTRY: MRS. MCCREERY.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

*Boer and Briton.* The engagement of Miss Helen Botha, daughter of General Botha, the Premier of the Transvaal, to Mr. Hofmeyr de Waal, has been soon followed by the betrothal of the General's youngest sister, Miss Marie Botha, to Mr. R. C. Hawkin, the energetic secretary of the Eighty Club. Everyone will remember how these two charming ladies captured all hearts when they were over here last April with General Botha for the Imperial Conference, and it is now, perhaps, not indiscreet to say that a prominent

member of the Government was, as was persistently rumoured, likely to appear in the character of wooer. Miss Helen Botha is descended, through her mother, not from Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, as is often erroneously stated, but from Robert's elder brother, Thomas. Miss Helen reveals her Irish ancestry in her brilliant dark beauty, while her aunt, Miss Marie Botha, is also singularly handsome. Mr. Hawkin, who is being so universally congratulated, has just returned from South Africa; like his future nephew-by-marriage, Mr. de Waal, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He possesses remarkable organising gifts, and the tremendous Liberal victory last year was undoubtedly in part due to him.



*Photo. Lallie Charles.*

*Photo. Mayall and Co.*

THE WEDDING OF THE HOLDER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS: CAPTAIN AND MRS. W. H. DARELL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

*Mrs. Darell was Miss Geffie Bainbridge.*

*The Bridegroom Winner of the Diamond Sculls.*

One of the most brilliant of autumn weddings took place at the Guards Chapel last Saturday (26th), when Captain W. H. Darell, of the Coldstream Guards, so well known in the athletic world as winner of the Diamond Sculls at this last Henley, married Miss Geffie Bainbridge. Captain Darell is the second son of the popular Gloucestershire baronet, Sir Lionel Darell, whose prowess in every form of sport is well known. Last Saturday's bridegroom stands six-foot-five in his stockings, and had



TO MARRY MISS MARIE BOTHA: MR. R. C. HAWKIN, SECRETARY OF THE EIGHTY CLUB.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*



TO MARRY MR. R. C. HAWKIN: MISS MARIE BOTHA, SISTER OF GENERAL BOTHA.

*Photograph by Langfier.*



YOUR OWN CARICATURIST ALWAYS WITH YOU.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.



V.—MISS KITTY MASON AND HER SHADOW CARICATURE.

*Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Dover Street Studios.*





## AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### Diabolo and the Vatican.

Can it be true that Diabolo has penetrated the Vatican and set the arms of the Cardinals whirling? No wonder, if this be so, that the Pope issued his Encyclical against Modernism. This is indeed a declension from the days of the not very long ago, when Cardinal Weld was carpeted for his pastimes. He was English, with English ways. He had had a wife and become a widower before he turned his face to Rome. His Red Hat took him to the Eternal City for abiding residence. But he had been a keen sportsman, and when he reached Rome he rode fast and far for the good of his health. The Pope sent for him, saying, "Cardinals must not hunt." He sold his horses and took to walking, like a champion. Again the Pope sent for him and gravely said, "Cardinals must not walk like that." If he really must walk, there was a place outside the walls where he could take his exercise with the other Cardinals, with decorum and dignity. The Cardinal tried the regulation jog-trot in the regulation spot. It was of no use to him. So he gave it up and died.

### A Fallible Pope.

Apart altogether from the interest naturally attaching to a document of such momentous import, there will be a good deal of curiosity to see the text of the popular edition of the new Papal Encyclical. Collectors of rare and curious works do not forget that one of the most costly of their treasures is a Vulgate of Sixtus V. Here was the official version of the Scriptures issued by the authority of the Pope, its proof-sheets corrected by his own hand. So careful was he to safeguard the authority of the work that to the first volume he prefixed a Bull excommunicating any printer who should alter the text. When the work at last appeared, it staggered Christendom by the multiplicity of its errors.

### Mongrel Saxon.

The Society of Coggers, who give a concert at the Mansion House, at which Madame Sobrino and Mr. Santley are to sing, to-morrow evening, have had the orthography of their title gravely discussed of late. Should they spell their "Ancient" with a "c" or a "t"? The world would still go on even if a "z" were employed. None of the protagonists has called in question the "Ye" of "Ye Antient Society of Coggers." Yet the attempt to give this archaic rendering of the Saxon definite article,

"the," is quite unwarranted. The Saxon writers did not write "ye," neither was the term used in that connection in conversation. They wrote and said "the," but the "th" was expressed by a letter which was a sort of cross between the modern "p" and "y." The sages of a later age have inferred that it was distinctly a "y," and that "ye" was the word formerly employed.

### The President's Sporting Chance.

The excitement which we enjoyed in this country when the present Government was in process of formation was a matter of very small potatoes compared with that which is being worked up across the waters over the election of the next President. There are so many candidates ready to take the plunge, and there is the President himself still eligible, that parties do not quite know where they stand. One organ, plumping for Mr. Roosevelt, asks, supposing that he be re-nominated, "Can he win through?" That was the very question which they asked concerning Grant when he was running for a second term of office, and his opponents were striving with frantic energy to unseat him. A famous stump orator, Colonel Zell, took up a challenge from one of these at a meeting. "Sir," he said, "build a worm-fence round a winter supply of summer wheat; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; hang out the ocean on a grape-vine to dry; but never, Sir, never delude yourself with the idea that you can beat Grant." From which the supporters of the latter inferred that their nominee had, in the speaker's estimation, a tolerable sporting chance.

### To Thine Own Home.

The Mayor of Liverpool and his friends, who have been supporting, unaware of its object, a movement for the conversion of Jews, may be interested to hear what the Emperor Menelik did when a Swedish missionary turned up in Abyssinia to convert the Abyssinian Jews. "Are there no Jews in your own country?" asked the Emperor. The missionary admitted that there were. "And in all the countries that you passed on your way hither, did you find no Jews or heathen?" asked Menelik. Both, the Swede admitted, were plentiful.

"Then," said Menelik, "carry this man beyond the frontier, and let him not return until he shall have converted all the Jews and heathen that lie between his country and mine." Up to the time of going to press, that missionary had not been back.



ALMOST READY FOR THE GREEN PEAS: A BASKETFUL OF DUCKLINGS (AND SOME MALAY CHILDREN).

Photograph by Ponting; copyright by the White Co.



UNREADY MONEY: A £5 NOTE PRESENTED 142 YEARS AFTER ISSUE AND HONOURED.

The note, which was issued by the Ship Bank, Glasgow's earliest banking house, was handed over the counter of the Union Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh the other day, and duly cashed, 71 years after the Ship Bank had ceased to exist and 142 years after the note was issued. Had the sum it represents been invested originally at 5 per cent. compound interest it would now have increased to £5062 13s. 7d. - [Photograph by Park.]



NOT A HOST IN HIMSELF!



CONDESCENDING CHAPPIE: I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before.  
NERVOUS HOST: Oh, yes. Very likely. It's my house!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



THE PERFECT HAND: "GAY GORDON" GIRLS CAUGHT "NAPPING."

From left to right the photograph shows Misses Ruby Kennedy, Aimé Dixon, May Gates, Elsie Kay, and Sylvia Storey.

Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield.

THAT the public is apt to confuse the names of playwrights, attributing to A the work of B, is a fact to which attention has already been drawn on this page. Mrs. W. K. Clifford, whose new play, "Hamilton's Second Marriage," was produced at the Court yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, furnishes an example of the same lack of public accuracy with regard to writers of books. Her first novel, "Mrs. Keith's Crime," had just been published, and was making a great stir at the same time as Lucas Malet's "Colonel Enderby's Wife" made its appearance, and was being talked of everywhere. Mrs. Clifford was at the Private View of the Academy when Lady Cloncurry, a most charming and picturesque figure, who had a habit of getting things mixed, advanced towards her with outstretched hands. "Oh, dear Mrs. Clifford, how beautiful your book is! I want to congratulate you on it and to thank you for the charming note you sent me in reply to my letter about it." Mrs. Clifford modestly accepted the congratulations, but had to admit that she had not written any note of acknowledgment. "Oh, yes, you did," persisted Lady Cloncurry; "why, you said so-and-so and so-and-so!" Again Mrs. Clifford had to deny she had said "so-and-so and so-and-so." "But I assure you you did," persisted Lady Cloncurry. Then, in confusion, she asked: "You did write 'Colonel Enderby's Wife,' didn't you? It was such a charming book!" Mrs. Clifford shook her head; and Lady Cloncurry exclaimed sadly: "Oh, I've made a mistake," and added, "but your book is charming, too!"—a compliment that came in only as a postscript. The incident amused a little group of visitors who were standing near; and Mrs. Clifford has often enjoyed the remembrance of it and told the story, even though it is somewhat against herself.

To be threatened with arrest for theft is not a pleasant position for an actor, especially at the theatre in which he is playing. That, however, was what happened a few months ago to Mr. Arthur Holmes Gore, now at the Court Theatre, when he was playing the leading part with Mrs. Langtry in "Twixt the Nightfall and the Light," in Pittsburg, Pa. A suit-case containing personal property worth several hundred dollars was missed from the office of the manager of the theatre, and the office-boy declared he had given it to a stranger who had called and asked for it. Pressed for more details, he gave a description

which coincided in every particular with that of Mr. Holmes Gore. Preposterous as it seemed, the detective had no alternative but to go behind the scenes and ask for the actor. He appeared. In every detail he answered to the boy's description. Before he was finally arrested, however, the boy, who had accompanied the detective, was asked to state definitely that the stranger to whom he gave the suit-case was Mr. Holmes Gore. At the crucial moment his nerve failed him, and he could not say the words which would have made matters exceedingly unpleasant for the actor. Later on two detectives went to the room in which the boy

lived, and there they found the missing suit-case, with the result that the lad was arrested. One of the local papers referred to the incident in a paragraph headed, in heavy type, "Mrs. Langtry's leading man fails to make good," thereby unfairly suggesting that he was a failure in his part, while in small type it added the explanation, "Didn't fit rôle of suit-case robber in which erring office-boy tried to place him."

Miss Edyth Olive, who, having already made one great success in Greek drama at the Court, is playing Medea in Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' tragedy of that name at the Savoy, was once the victim of an act of forgetfulness which sooner or later comes to many actresses. She was playing Juliet in a Shakspeare Memorial performance at Camberwell with Mr. Ben Greet. Having finished one scene, she went to her dressing-room in order to change for the Potion Scene, completely forgetting that she had yet an important scene to play with the Friar (Mr. Ben Greet). She had just taken off her dress and had not got into her robes, when the call-boy's voice bade her go on to the stage. It was an embarrassing situation, but the summons was peremptory and had to be obeyed. There was only one thing to be done. Miss Olive did it. She picked up the first garment that came to her hand and threw it around her. Happily, it was a three-quarter length cloak, and with that partially covering her petticoat she went on the stage, to the intense amusement of the Friar and of the Romeo, Mr. Rawson Buckley, who, by a curious coincidence, is also playing in "Medea." The audience, however, seemed perfectly unconscious of the fact that Juliet appeared in what was, apparently, a short dress, eminently suited to the girl of fourteen of the text, but scarcely to the bride of the play.



THE GIBSON GIRL WHO IS TO RE-MARRY HER DIVORCED HUSBAND: MISS VALESKA SURATT.

Miss Suratt, the original Gibson girl, is to re-marry her divorced husband, Mr. William Gould, the comedian. Both are now playing with Joe Weber in "Hip-Hip-Hooray." Miss Suratt and Mr. Gould were married several years ago and played together. While in London they quarrelled, and upon their return to America, two years ago, Mrs. Gould left her husband and obtained a divorce. Last spring a proposition was made by a vaudeville manager to "star" Miss Suratt with her former husband. She demurred at first, but there was a certain piquancy in such a situation that appealed to Miss Suratt's sense of humour, and throughout the summer husband and wife have appeared together. Now the climax has been reached. Again booked in the same company, they decided that fate and love were too strong for old wrongs to be remembered, and have arranged to marry again. — [Photograph by the Gilliams Press.]



PRESENCE OF MIND !



VII.—DEVICE OF A COMMANDING OFFICER FOR DECEIVING HIS PURSUERS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IS poetry coming into fashion again—a sort of mental crinoline which must get its turn? A dozen years ago, belles-lettres had a very good innings. Mr. Traill gave us more minor poets than there ever were minor prophets. In memorable magazine articles, Mr. Patmore and Mr. Meredith hailed individual singers, and Mr. Le Gallienne's fellow-feeling made him wondrous kind to even the less considerable of this band of verse-makers. True, Mr. Elkin Matthews has been bringing out a succession of verse-books ever since, the most salient of the series being the "Hand in Hand" volume written "by a mother and daughter"—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's mother and sister. Some of these verses were very good indeed; but I do not know that they ever reached even a second edition. An even better book, Mr. James Wilson's "Zalmoxis," published by Mr. Eliot Stock, somehow escaped notice, and the general sense of discouragement on Parnassus is evidenced by the silence kept by Mr. William Watson, Mr. Yeats, and others over a tract of years. Sir Lewis Morris, I note, has felt the pervading gloom. He is to publish no more verse, we are told by the vendors of the collected edition of his work, which contains things new and old, and is final.

Any sign of a poetic revival is eagerly seized upon by at least a little group of lovers of literature; and one such may be divined in the appearance of Messrs. Methuen's autumn list, containing the "New Poems" of Mr. Herbert Trench—an announcement that is borne out by bold advertisement in the Press. Mr. Trench's "Deirdre Wed" proved him a real poet, and it will be interesting to note whether the tone of critics in general will confirm the idea that the Muses are coming to their own again. The women poets, by the way, have shared the silence of their brothers; but, then, the Muses were obviously made feminine to show that they were open only to the wooing of men.

The sale of letters addressed to Lady Blessington does not seem so inappropriate as these auctions often do. The "gorgeous" one had sales of her intimate effects in her own lifetime, and went through them smiling. The letters that were valueless then—Disraeli's, Thackeray's, Dickens', and the rest—are marketable now. Thackeray's, in particular, are in demand, perhaps because he wrote comparatively few. One transitory member of the old circle at Gore House—N. P. Willis—wrote a letter (not one of those to be sold) which has just come to light. It was addressed to Captain Marryat, whom it challenged to a duel that, happily, was never fought. It is a fine letter enough, and the *Athenæum* would add to the service it does us in printing it if it discovered the novelist's reply. That, too, we may be sure, is good reading enough; for

N. P. Willis vindicates himself completely against the charges Marryat had made against him as a sycophant. Willis was unlucky in his N. P. initials; but nobody, after reading this letter, will call him namby-pamby any more. He has come into his own, Nathaniel Parker (wasn't it?), again.

One of the most interesting letters ever received by Lady Blessington was addressed to her by Disraeli, whose talents she had the wit to recognise in the earlier days of his waistcoats, his

ringlets, and his canes. That readiness in recognition was not the lady's only charm by any means; and his words to her are warmer than the common. "I was so sorry," he writes from Bradenham at the end of a London season, "to leave town without being a moment alone with you; but though I came to the Opera the last night on purpose, Fate was against us. I did not reach this place until Sunday, very ill indeed from the pangs of parting. Indeed, I feel as desolate as a ghost, and I do not feel that I ever shall be able to settle to anything again." It reads like one of the notes written by her adorer to "Henrietta Temple" herself; and, when one thinks of the amount of "human legislation" achieved by Disraeli, the next sentence has an interest all its own: "It is a great shame, when people are happy together, that they should be everseparated; but it seems the great object of human legislation that people should never be happy together." The extravagance of the statement is itself a symptom easily labelled by students of erotic exaltation.

There is one thing we should all like to know about the authors we care for, and that is the colour of their eyes. But will the describers satisfy us? Not they. If they were modest, and confessed

that their inobservance had passed over this delightful detail, or that their own eye for colour being defective they could not give a name to the hue of another's pupil, we should be merely disappointed. But they make haste to produce a kind of ready-made report, such as that of "black" eyes whenever a man is tolerably dark. Charles Lamb, for example, "part Jew, part gentleman, part angel"—we have his aspect, but how were his eyes? One describer says jet-black, another grey, another says that one eye was a greyish blue and the other a brownish hazel. Carlyle's "a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness" is good, but it records nothing of the colour. And as to Mary Lamb, "Her brown eyes were soft," says one; "grey, intelligent eyes," says another on the very next page of Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Life." And yet our Lamb and our Mary Lamb would be different creatures to us according as we thought of them with dark eyes or pale.

M. E.



AFTER THE DOG-SHOW.

THE BULLDOG: "Better to have failed in the high aim, as I—  
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed."

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.



ENSURING REMEMBRANCE IN THE WILL.



LITTLE WILLIE (to his chum, who has fallen down the well) : George, I say, if you don't come up after the third time, can I have your black-and-white terrier pup?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE DAMSEL AND THE DRAMATIST.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.



"I WISH," said the Damsel, crossing her hands upon her lap and gazing dreamily in front of her, "you would write a play—"

"But," interposed the Dramatist modestly, "I have written one—"

"Don't interrupt me," the Damsel rebuked him, "before I have finished speaking, please. I was going to say—a play with a nice lovely part in it that would suit a girl like me."

"A girl like you—or you?" inquired the Dramatist politely.

"Me, of course. How stupid you are."

"It is, according to many critics, the peculiar privilege of a dramatist to be stupid," he explained. "I hope, however, in time, to acquire some intelligence, if you will help me."

"Help you to write a play, do you mean?" demanded the Damsel, fixing her hazel eyes consideringly upon him.

"A play—to suit you," replied the Dramatist with a diffident smile. "The sort of play, you know, that you wish I would write."

"With a really lovely part in it——"

The Dramatist bowed.

"For you," he added.

"Well," said the Damsel, drawing her eyebrows together in an intense effort of reflection, "the sort of part I would like to take—I am not sure, of course," she explained parenthetically, "that I *would* take it. I haven't made up my mind yet whether I shall go in for the stage or not. But if I *do*, I should require a part to be specially written for me, you understand."

"Yes," said the Dramatist deferentially, "I understand that. You can act, of course?"

"Act!" She let her soft eyes rest on him for an instant with mild disdain. "Of course I can act. What a very silly question. I have acted twice in amateur theatricals already."

"Forgive me," said the Dramatist humbly. "I perceive that the question was, under the circumstances, absurdly superfluous. You were going to tell me the sort of really lovely part you would like to take——?"

"Yes. My part," said the Damsel, with a far-off look in her eyes, "will have to be that of a young and charming married woman—I suppose I had better be married?"

"Unquestionably!" said the Dramatist with decision.

"At any rate, to start with," suggested the Damsel.

"To start with?"

"Aren't people generally divorced by the third act?" she inquired.

"Heaven forbid!" said the Dramatist firmly. "Not in my plays, anyhow. Separated—by cruel fate, if you like, or other political exigencies—but not divorced: that would never do. Now start again: you appear, I understand, first as a happy and charming young-married woman of—er—of about——"

"Of—well, say of twenty-three. Do you think I could manage to look twenty-three on the stage? I am only nineteen, you know."

"You must try," said the Dramatist encouragingly. "A married woman of twenty-three—yes?"

"Very well. My husband is, at the beginning, awfully in love with me——"

"How could he help it?" murmured the Dramatist, *solito voce*.

"But he is a villain——"

"A villain? You surprise me."

"Of course he is a villain," repeated the Damsel with some asperity. "How can you write the play, if he is not?"

"I don't know," said the Dramatist candidly.

"A real out-and-out scoundrel. And so he brings a bad, beautiful Adventuress to the house——"

"Why?" inquired the Dramatist.

"Why?" exclaimed the Damsel irritably. "Why do people ever do *anything* in plays? You ask such silly questions!"

"I beg pardon," said the Dramatist. "Please go on. This Adventuress——"

"Cheats at bridge. They are playing cards after dinner, you know, in the drawing-room——"

"I see," said the Dramatist.

"She cheats at bridge, and the wife of the villain says, 'Ha, I have found you out at last! *Viper!*' And the husband says with a sneer, 'Ermyntude, you forget yourself. This lady is my guest!'"

"Rather a smart repartee," commented the Dramatist. "Unanswerable, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," said the Damsel. "The wife draws herself up to her full height—five-foot-six I am—nearly—and retorts, 'Either she or I leaves your roof!'"

"That doesn't sound quite grammatical," objected the Dramatist; "but never mind. What happens next?"

"Well, she leaves, of course," said the Damsel. "She packs up her things at once, and drives off in a hansom with one of the gentlemen, who remarks, 'I will protect you. Fly with me!'"

"So she flies?"

"Why, what else can she do?" asked the Damsel vaguely.

"Under the circumstances, I don't see that she can do anything else, having regard to the fact that the Adventuress is left in possession—of the bridge-table."

"Exactly," said the Damsel. "That's just what I thought. They fly; and that is the end of the First Act."

"Very effective and—and original," murmured the Dramatist, wondering if there was another girl in London with quite the same exquisite pearly-tinted skin and beautiful soft hazel eyes as the Damsel's—with the same delicious innocence of expression and lovely little chiselled features, and fragrant silky hair, as hers!

"I am glad you like it," said the Damsel. "I think it's rather good myself."

"It's deeply interesting," replied the Dramatist. "Please go on with the next Act. The heroine and her protector have flown, leaving the husband and the beautiful Adventuress to pursue their evil machinations uninterrupted. Now for Act Two."

The Damsel reflected a moment.

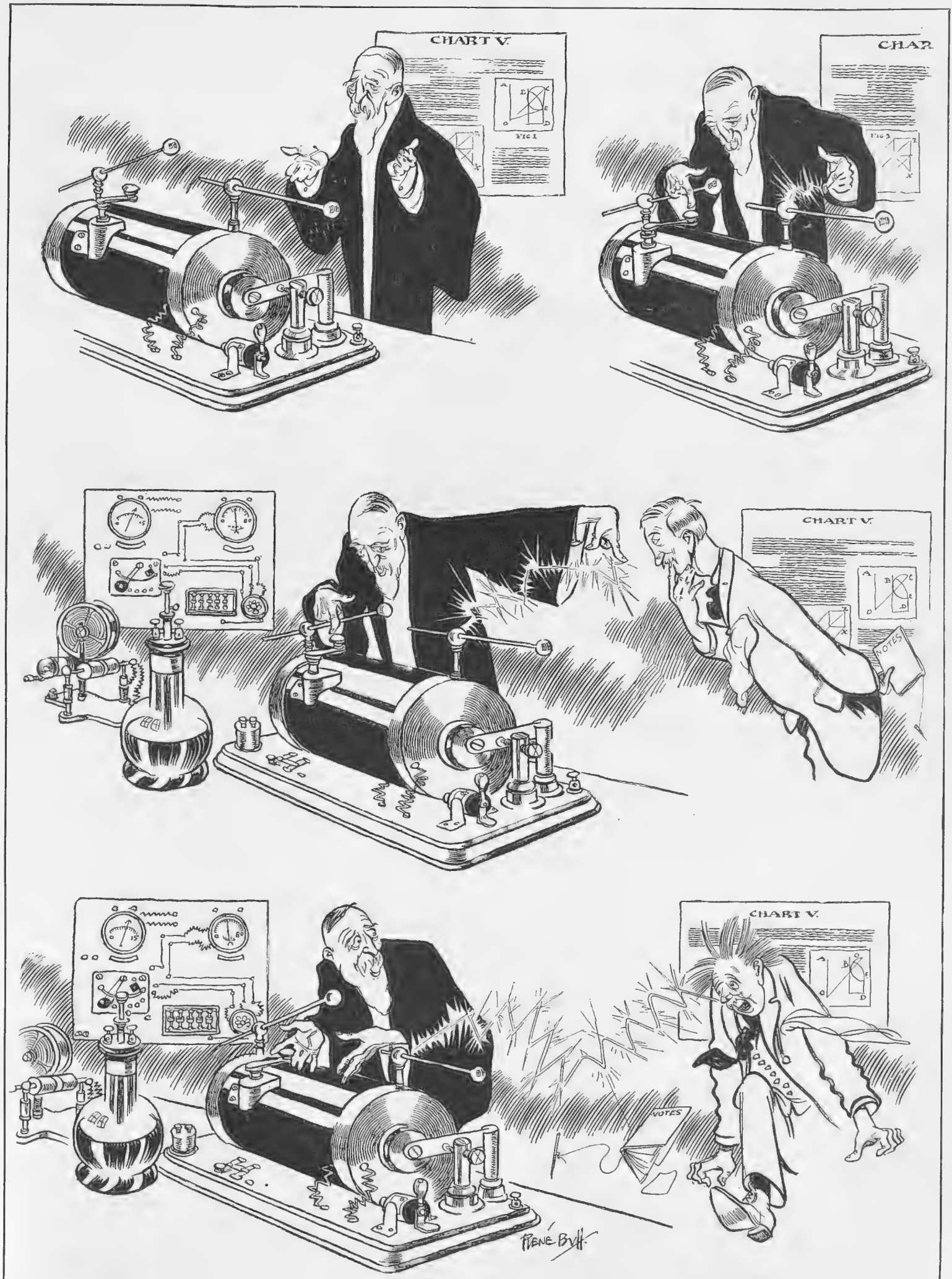
"We ought to have some more characters, oughtn't we, for the Second Act?" she inquired.

"It might be as well," admitted the Dramatist. "A clergyman is usually popular—a clergyman who gives up smoking, or sugar, or some such little vice as that—by way of example to the villain; and preaches tremendous sermons against the wickedness of smart people, you know. Then you might introduce a millionaire, a

[Continued overleaf.]



(FIRST AND LAST WORD OF THE INTERVIEW.)



A SPARKLING INTERVIEW: A WIRELESS TRAGEDY.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

reformed burglar or two, and an impecunious nobleman, if you like!"

"Yes," said the Damsel thoughtfully, "we could easily get them all in. In the Second Act the heroine (that's me), while motoring along a country road at night, is stopped by a burglar——"

"Good!" said the Dramatist. "But where's the protector with whom she flew? Is he in the motor-car, too?"

"Dear, no! She left him at—at Monte Carlo, where he lost all his money. Curiously enough, she met an old school friend of hers there—a rich widow, who lent her her motor-car—and so it happened that while she was going for a moonlight drive alone, the burglar stopped her. 'Take all I have,' sobs the heroine, offering him her purse, which is empty, 'but spare my life—for my husband's sake!'"

"And he does!" said the Dramatist.

"Yes. He gets into the car, and, finding the purse empty, he flings it away, and exclaims with a terrible oath, 'Then I will take you!'"

"Gracious!" cried the Dramatist. "And where does he take her to?"

"He takes her to Paris," said the Damsel. "They drive all night at a fearful pace—and when they reach Paris the burglar sells the motor-car, and is going to take the heroine to America with the proceeds, when he accidentally discovers her name. 'What!' he cries, 'are you the wife of my old friend Aubrey Vavasour?' 'I am,' says the heroine proudly. 'Then I will tell you all!' he exclaims. 'I am not a burglar. I am Lord Postlethwaite, the forger. There is a warrant out for my arrest. I throw myself upon your mercy! The police are on my track!' And the heroine replies simply, 'Fear nothing. I will save you.'"

"And she does!" said the Dramatist, rubbing his hands with glee.

"Of course she does," went on the Damsel. "She takes him back to London with her in Act Three, disguised as a footman. Oh, then she engages a flat in the East End, under another name, and becomes a district visitor, and the footman distributes tracts for her. But he turns out to be a confirmed drunkard, and the clergyman of the parish tells her she ought to get rid of him. She says, 'It is impossible. He is not a footman at all. He is my husband's old friend. He is Lord——' 'Hush!' cries the clergyman. 'Do you mean *he is Lord——*?' and he whispers the forger's name in her ear. 'Yes,' says the heroine, 'but don't tell the police.' 'Certainly not,' says the clergyman, 'I will reform him.'"

"And he does!" exclaimed the Dramatist with conviction.

"Yes—he makes a bet with him. 'Look here, old chap,' he says. 'I'll give up smoking if you'll give up drinking; and I bet you a fiver I keep it up longest.' 'Done!' says the footman; and at the end of three days the clergyman wins. He is so proud of this that he proposes to the heroine, with whom he has fallen in love, but she indignantly rejects him. 'False priest!' she exclaims, 'I am married already.' 'Great Scott!' cries the clergyman in horror, 'I understood you were a *widow*. Then your husband is——' 'Alive!' cries the heroine. The clergyman faints, and the curtain falls."

"Quite time too," agreed the Dramatist. "Really, a very striking situation. A most powerful and moving play. But—how do you intend to finish it?"

"It will finish itself," replied the Damsel. "Plays always do. In Act Four—that's the last, isn't it?"

"It is generally wise to confine oneself to four acts—if possible," said the Dramatist gently.

"Very well, then—we must bring them all together again somehow. It doesn't much matter how, does it?"

"Not a bit," agreed the Dramatist.

"Let me see—oh, yes! The husband, after hunting all over London for the heroine, gives her up as dead, and is on the point of marrying the Adventuress, when the clergyman (who has become a fashionable West-end preacher, you know) meets them one day at an afternoon tea-party, where he is denouncing in a loud tone the wickedness of people who do not pay their bridge debts. The Adventuress (who owes her hostess several thousand pounds) turns pale; but the husband takes the clergyman aside and gives him a bit of his mind. 'Do you know who I am?' he demands. 'I don't know you from a blessed crow,' retorts the clergyman angrily——"

"Oh, come!" protested the Dramatist. "A real, respectable West-end parson——"

"Well—from Adam, then, if you like it better," said the Damsel impatiently; "'I don't know you from Adam.' 'Ha!' says the husband. 'Permit me to inform you that my name is Vavasour, and that lady—that lady,'—pointing to the Adventuress, who is trying to escape unnoticed—is my affianced bride.'"

"You don't say so," replies the clergyman. 'Vavasour! Why, you must be Mrs. Vavasour's husband!'"

"I was," says the husband, a little annoyed.

"You are," cries the clergyman triumphantly, 'for she is alive! I know it. For I asked her to marry me only last week.'

"'Villain!' exclaims the husband. 'You *dared* to propose to my wife?'"

"I thought she was your widow," explains the clergyman. 'As she is *not* your widow, I forbid you to espouse that person who is trying to escape from the room,' and he points his finger at the Adventuress."

"'Enough!' cries the husband. 'I am ruined. She is ruined. We are all ruined. My wife is alive.' And at this moment the heroine drops in to pay a call upon the lady of the house, just as the Adventuress is hurriedly descending the front door steps. The footman, who is at the heroine's carriage door, the moment he sees the Adventuress, cries out, 'Arabella! it's *Cincinnati Bell!*' and grabs holds of her. 'Unhand me, villain!' cries the Adventuress. 'Not if I know it,' says the footman. 'How about that forged cheque?' The Adventuress faints, and the clergyman, happening to come out at that moment, recognises the footman immediately. 'Scoundrel, where's that fiver you owe me?' he exclaims."

"'Never mind the fiver!' retorts the footman. 'This woman is the real forger of the Duke's cheque—I can prove it. She is known in America as Cincinnati Bell. She forged the cheque, cashed it, and never gave me a halfpenny. Yet I was accused of the base act, I—Lord Postlethwaite! I swear to you, my revered friend, I am innocent—and this—this *woman* is the culprit!'"

"'I believe you, my boy,' says the clergyman, pressing his hand, and they both weep. Meantime the heroine upbraids her husband for deserting her——"

"But," protested the Dramatist, "surely it was the heroine who deserted the husband——"

"Well, it's the same thing," rejoined the Damsel, a trifle irritably. "Anyhow, they have a jolly row, and the other visitors intervene; and, finally, they become reconciled upon the husband promising to give up the Adventuress once for all, and to live quietly at home with the heroine. The Adventuress is handed over to the police; Lord Postlethwaite becomes a reformed character, and is appointed lay reader to the clergyman; and—and—well, I think that's all," concluded the Damsel, in a tone of relief.

"Does the heroine's friend ever get back her motor-car, by the way?" inquired the Dramatist anxiously.

"Never," replied the Damsel. "She doesn't want it. She's got another."

The Dramatist rose slowly and stood looking down upon the Damsel. The Damsel leaned back in her low chair, her hands clasped behind her head, and her little chin tilted upwards in a very provoking manner.

"I think," said the Dramatist solemnly, "that it would make a really remarkable play. It contains such a wealth of imagination—such dramatic insight—and—and *such* a lovely part for the heroine!"

"Do you *really* like it?" asked the Damsel, opening her eyes a little wider, and fixing them upon the Dramatist's face with a critical scrutiny.

"I *love* it!" replied the Dramatist. "Yes, I love it," he added quietly. "And do you know why? Not because of its daring unconventionality, its really rather astonishing qualities, its quite surprising situations—but because—shall I tell you why?"

"Of course," said the Damsel.

"Then I love it because it comes out of that pretty little head of yours; I love the play because—because I *love the playwright!*"

"What—do you mean *me*?" exclaimed the Damsel, sitting up suddenly, and looking at him with big, half-startled eyes—into which something, which was not exactly terror, nor even apprehension, nor altogether surprise, had swiftly crept—a something that had lain there unsuspected, perhaps, all the while, a something very sweet to see reflected in a maiden's eyes—a something which made the Dramatist (who was keenly alive to the advantages of the moment) stoop swiftly and clasp the Damsel in his arms.

"Yes," he whispered in her ear—"I mean *you*! I want you to marry me, and help me to write beautiful plays—with beautiful parts in them—dear, all your life! I want you—and I must have you!"

"But," murmured the Damsel some moments later, while her head rested on the Dramatist's shoulder in that attitude of calm resignation to fate which is peculiar to maidens engaged in such unequal conflicts; "but if I marry you I shall not be able to act these lovely parts at all——"

The Dramatist laughed softly.

"You will be able, little one," he said, drawing her closer to him, "to act the loveliest part of any a woman can act—the part of a true wife. And," he added, looking down into the liquid depths of the Damsel's eyes, "I do not *want* you to be an actress. I want you to be your own little real self—always—always. Will you?"

"I suppose I *must*," sighed the Damsel, a little regretfully. "But it *would* have been rather jolly, you know, to act that heroine's part—*just once!*"

THE END.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE Amir of Afghanistan has added a new terror to the life of the diplomat; he has ordered from Northampton two lots of boots—one lot to squeak, the other lot not to squeak. Now, it is but polite to follow your leader when your leader happens to be the Sovereign of the Court to which you are accredited. Suppose, then, that complaisant Envoys, eager to propitiate the Amir, don squeaking boots upon a day when his soul yearneth for the boot in which there is no squeak, or that the foreign representatives pad it softly when the Amir would have all official footwear majestically to squeak in chorus. Wars have been fought for less occasion than the presence, in or absence of a squeak from an Ambassador's boot. The worst of it is that the regulations printed by the Foreign Office, though they cover pretty well every detail, from a sash to a side-whisker, never contemplated anything so ingenious as this fashion.

chair of Roman Law in the University of Heidelberg for many years. His father emigrated to America; there Mr. Heinze was born, and after graduating

journal, and had a talent for music. He was employed by one of the older mining companies, and it was then that he formed the conception of the copper deposits of Butte, and of the value of the properties owned by the companies. Within two years he got together some capital and started a company, intending to introduce new methods in the reduction of copper ore, which were laughed at by the older men. As soon as the smelter was ready, Mr. Heinze had concluded an agreement with a certain mine-owner for a lease of his mine. This contract was annulled before work was started. In spite of that, he leased a mine which was regarded as worthless, and within a month was working the richest ore ever mined in the camp, with the result that the works had to be enlarged, and in three years he bought for eighty thousand pounds a mine which was subsequently valued at two millions sterling. That was the beginning of the man who subsequently became President of the United



THE "GIVE US-BACK-OUR-DOUGH" TROUBLE IN AMERICA: MR. F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE, PROMINENT IN THE WALL STREET CRISIS.

A few days ago came from New York the news of the suspension of Messrs. Otto Heinze and Co., who tried to run the corner in United Copper shares, and the abdication of Mr. F. Augustus Heinze, the multi-millionaire, from the presidency of the Mercantile National Bank. The crisis in Wall Street was further accentuated by the fact that the Knickerbocker Bank suspended payment of "dough" (Anglicé, cash.)—[Photograph by Milo T. Bogard.]

from Columbia College at nineteen, he determined to set out for the West, in opposition to his father's wishes, and went to Butte, Montana, about twenty years ago, when that city was merely an overgrown mining camp. There he was known as an engineer and metallurgist, who had written on mining topics for a technical



A LADY WHO HAS FOUR THOUSAND GODFATHERS: PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

The Princess was born in 1866, at the close of the war between Prussia and Austria, and Prince Henry of Hesse, in order to mark the declaration of peace, gave his infant daughter the name of Irene (Peace), and invited the officers and men under his command to be her godfathers.

Copper Company, and has interests which extend from the Canadian Provinces to the Gulf of Mexico.

Paris and Playwrights.

The latest Paris craze is play-writing. Everybody writes plays. You go into any house along the boulevards, or in the outer parts of the city, and you find some young blood—and he is not always young—trying his 'prentice hand at the construction of the drama. There are thousands at the game, and when you consider that only a few dozen plays are accepted during the year, you can easily conceive the tremendous *déception* that is in store for these ambitious writers. There is something in the air of Paris that makes the young man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of the theatre. The gossip of the boulevards is mainly about actors and actresses. A woman also has entered the ranks. The other day we had a comedy by a girl of two-and-twenty. To be sure, it ran only for two nights, but it was a sufficiently remarkable performance for so young a débutante, even at that price of ill-success.



A RULER WHO PREFERS SQUEAKY BOOTS: THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

Professor H. B. Procter, speaking at the Conference of the National Association of Boot and Shoe Retailers the other day, said that the Amir had just given a large order to a Northampton firm. In this it was stipulated that half the shoes must be made to squeak.

A Romantic Princess.

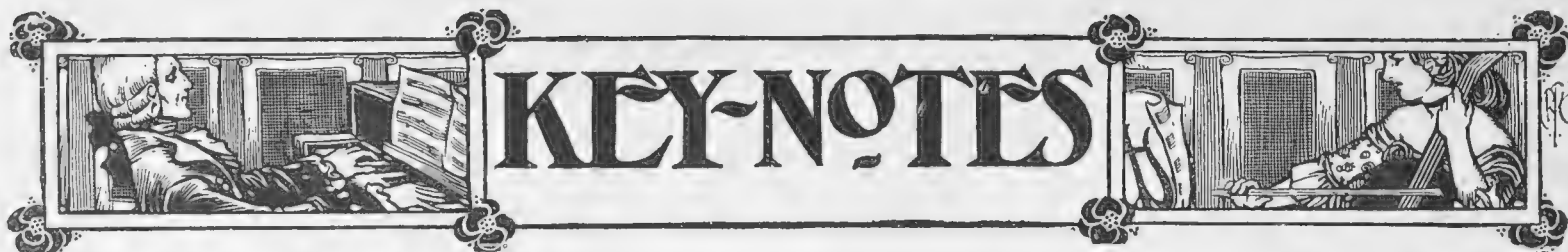
Not the least beautiful and romantic of younger Princesses is Princess Mirkò of Montenegro, one of the few modern maidens whom love has raised to royal rank, for before her marriage to the Queen of Italy's brother she was plain Miss Lily Constantinovitch. True, her father is related to the Serbian royal family, and in the days of the hapless Queen Draga the future Princess Mirkò was regarded as a most charming débutante in Belgrade. Her parents' house was the palatial building which has since become the English Legation. Her Highness, who is twenty-five years of age, was only twenty when she married the ruler of Montenegro's second son. The ex-Queen of Servia, Natalie, is her godmother, and it was while staying with her that she made the acquaintance of her future husband.

Mr. Heinze. Mr. F. Augustus Heinze, who has figured so prominently of late in connection with the financial crisis in New York, comes of a famous German family, for one of his uncles is Professor of Philosophy at Leipsic, and another has occupied the



AN ANTHONY HOPE HEROINE IN REAL LIFE: PRINCESS MIRKO OF MONTENEGRO.

The Princess was Miss Lily Constantinovitch when she married Prince Mirkò, and for this reason has been called "a Prisoner of Zenda Princess."



CONCERT-GOERS had the opportunity last week of comparing the style and method of two famous violinists, Mischa Elman and Fritz Kreisler. Both gave their recitals at the Queen's Hall; each attracted a large and attentive audience. Mischa Elman's programme was hardly classical. He played the Spohr Concerto, the "Gesangscene," two works by his friend and master, M. Mlynarski, who conducted, and turned to Sarasate in the end, playing the "Habañera" in which so many violinists of great accomplishment de-

light. There was something youthful, exuberant, and light-hearted about Elman's playing, helping us to realise that he is still little more than a boy. He has a suggestion of the awkward gait of a lad in his teens, and his restlessness is very pronounced and unsightly, but inspiration seems to come to him readily enough. He plays everything with complete confidence and a measure of certainty that must always surprise his audience. There is no suggestion in his work that it ever had any difficulties to be mastered, and in our generation it may be doubted whether a violinist of his age has produced nearly such a tone from his instrument. Kreisler, on the other hand, impresses one and all with a sense of achievement by complete devotion to his art. Perhaps as a player of violin concerti he stands alone, and his interpretation of Mozart and Brahms on Monday afternoon satisfied every sense. It may not

be difficult to please music-lovers with a good rendering of the Mozart Concerto in D—the greater part of it is music of undeniable beauty and simplicity; but with Brahms's solitary Violin Concerto the case is different. It has moments of absolute inspiration, but there are times when, in the hands of an unskilled player, it becomes dull, diffuse, almost uninteresting. For reasons that need not be dwelt upon in this place, Joachim himself, for whom the Concerto was written, was not heard to advantage in it during the last years of his life. But Kreisler played at his recital as though the music had inspired him, and it is long since we heard it given with the same effect. Those who have heard the Concerto with a violinist of small attainments in the solo part should wait to hear Kreisler before they declare that the Violin Concerto must be reckoned among the second best of Brahms' compositions.

M. Mlynarski, who conducted the London Symphony Orchestra at Mischa Elman's concert, is yet another of the great Continental conductors for whose presence in our midst we are indebted to the London Symphony Committee. If we are not mistaken he will be seen in London many times in the future, for he proved himself a wonderful interpreter of Tschaikovski, and he may have yet other surprises in store for us. In the "Egmont" Overture of Beethoven, with which the concert opened, he was not at his best, and the fear lest his reading of Tschaikovski's Fourth Symphony should be

unsympathetic or ineffective must have been present in the minds of many of the audience. Long before the first movement was over all fears were allayed, and the house was listening to a fresh, forceful, intelligent, and thoroughly well-reasoned interpretation of a work that seemed to glow with fresh beauty under M. Mlynarski's baton. He had the fine orchestra completely under his control and entirely in sympathy with his reading, and whatever changes of tempi he imposed upon the players, he always seemed to see before him the whole structure of the work, so that there was nothing sensational or vulgar in the effects he obtained. We have never heard a more impressive rendering of the master's Fourth Symphony.

A foreigner visiting the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoon would hardly imagine that leisured Londoners are devoted to the custom of spending the week-end out of town. The attractions that Mr. Hilton Carter spreads before the West End of the town would appear to be irresistible, and on Sunday week last, when Madame Kirkby Lunn was singing and M. Gerardy was announced to play, the Albert Hall was not too large for its audience. The quality of the concert was excellent, but, unfortunately, M. Gerardy had hurt one of his fingers, with the result that his 'cello's intonation was seriously at fault. It was very plucky, but hardly wise, to face an audience under the circumstances. Mme. Kirkby Lunn was in excellent voice; indeed, the quality of her sing-

ing does not often vary. She seems to remain at concert pitch, and to be prepared at all times to do her best. On Sunday next Miss Julia Culp, who made such a favourable impression when she sang in London in the spring, will make a welcome reappearance; and Signor Busoni will play, while Dr. F. H. Cowen will preside over the orchestra. On Nov. 10 Godowsky is to play, and we shall be surprised if the Albert Hall, for all its capacity, can hold all those who wish to hear him.

At the Opera, where the illness of Mlle. Bryhn brought about the temporary postponement of "La Gioconda," "Rigoletto" has been revived successfully, and Madame Miranda has made a very favourable impression in the part of Gilda. Great interest attached to the appearance of Madame Maria Gay in "Aida" on Thursday night last. The part of Amneris is one in which she has been heard to advantage in Milan, where the audience is very critical indeed. Her extraordinary success in the rôle of Carmen is not an accident of temperament. Her



THE NEW GILDA: MISS LALLA MIRANDA.

Miss Miranda, who appeared as Gilda in "Rigoletto" the other night, is an Australian. After singing at concerts at Melbourne, she came to Europe, and studied under Madame Richard and Madame de Garetti. She first appeared in this country seven years ago, and since that time has been gaining a reputation in the chief Continental opera-houses.

Photograph by Desgranges.

Amneris is a great creation, full of passion and finely sung, though suggestions were not wanting that she had not rehearsed the part sufficiently at Covent Garden.

COMMON CHORD.



THE NEW LA TOSCA: MISS EDITH DE LIS.

Miss de Lis is a young American soprano, a pupil of Jean de Reszke. Her experience of opera is limited, and her study lasted only about three years; yet her performance the other night showed that she possesses considerable dramatic and vocal powers.



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## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Why not a Lady Mayor?

The Tory dovescotes are fluttered just now at the prospect of the municipal elections. What if feminine Councillors should actually be elected, and even—oh, awful sign and portent of coming social changes!—a Lady Mayor of Little Peddlington? And yet one wonders, why not? A sensible, tactful, hard-working woman would make an excellent Mayor, and undue expenditure on the pleasures of the table would not be one of her weaknesses as an official. The fact is that intelligent ladies are admirably suited to the detail of municipal government, and would be infinitely useful if men could get over their invincible dislike to work with them at the same green-covered table. That women are fiercely and uncompromisingly business-like when once they take to public affairs anyone can testify who has worked on feminine councils, committees, and advisory boards. The spirit and address with which they rise and nip each other's heads

gave an astounding list of young married women in the iron town who did not read because they could not do so! Sir George Arthur, in an interesting essay on the Army recruit, declares that the young soldier of nineteen has to be taught things which boys of thirteen ought to know. Perhaps—at thirteen—he does know them, but in the gay intervening years—in which Youth will have its fling—he unburdens his mind of all extraneous facts, and remains a simple beef-eating, beer-drinking machine. Sir George, indeed, roundly declares that "our system of national education largely breeds illiteracy" because we do not teach our children how to think. And this failure to produce intelligent young men and women should give our educational wisecracks plenty to think about themselves.

### The Black Forest and Monte Carlo at Home.

The Viennese doctors are fertile in ideas, and it was a particularly happy one to turn the Kaiser Franz Josef's sitting-room into a miniature Black Forest. Pungent fir-trees were placed in tubs all round the apartment, which, facing south, and duly warmed and ventilated, must have recalled to that potentate the sunny mountain slopes of the Black Forest or of Bohemia. Indeed, if climates and atmospheres can be created by

such simple means, there will be an end to our fatiguing journeys in search of health. Why cross continents and oceans (or even take the train to Brighton), when you can have what you want at home? In future, we shall be able to get the pines and ozone of Bournemouth from the florist's young man who calls for orders, and a good imitation of the Riviera (without the icy mistral) will be within reach of most middle-class purses. I feel sure the indefatigable Mr. Edison will soon invent an artificial sunshine which we can switch on and off, and with palms in tubs, an olive-tree or two, a plentiful supply of pink anemones and Parma violets, and a roulette-table, we can have our own private Monte Carlo without the horrors of a winter Channel crossing and the dubious society which we associate with the "gayest" of Continental pleasure places. Again, by drying the air which enters

our houses we might get a colourable imitation of the Egyptian climate, and a plentiful supply of Guardsmen might transform a mansion in Park Lane into a winter palace in Cairo.



[Copyright.]

A HAT OF FINE FUR FELT, FINISHED WITH OSTRICH-FEATHER TIPS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

off under the guise of moving amendments and proposing agenda would do credit to a meeting of irate shareholders in a defaulting company. So let us hail the coming female Mayor of Little Peddlington as the forerunner of a procession of strenuous ladies who will assume chain and office.

### Our Pride and Glory.

Our young men-about-town—the genus that haunts Piccadilly and St. James's Street—are so exquisite in their dress and accoutrements that they must deem it sacrilege for anyone to question the beauty of their attire or to propose to trim them up with laces and feathers, as an expert on artistic dress has recently done; for the lilies of the field are not to be compared with one of these in all his morning glory—with his subtle cravat, curve of waist, fearful and wonderful collar, and his shining, pointed boots. Where, and in what capital of the world save London, can you see his equal? Other men—Americans, Colonials, foreigners—notoriously walk in his footsteps and copy his waistcoats and hats, but only the Italians—strangely enough—have produced a real copy of the genuine British dandy. Other men fail in some minute particular. The Frenchman cannot resist letting his necktie float; the German will make an amazing mistake with his hat. I have recently seen with these eyes an American wearing a frock-coat, chimney-pot hat, white flower, and yellow leather boots. These things are instinctive, in the blood, and, like murder, they will out. It is not to be supposed that at mere feminine bidding the gilded youths of England are lightly going to discard a costume which they have so laboriously evolved, and in which they create awe and admiration in the bosom of the most prejudiced beholder. Nor would Reggie and Bertie crowned with cock's feathers and draped in Italian cloaks look half so imposing as they do now in all the elegance invented in Savile Row and Bond Street.

### Illiterate English-folk.

We are still, it would seem, in a parlous state in regard to efficiency. For all the millions which we disburse annually to make "the masses" intelligent, we might as well keep the money in our pockets. Every year the education bill gets higher, and still the majority of young people, soon after they leave school, are in the same frame of mind as the Oxford graduate who hoped to forget, as soon as possible, everything he had ever learned from his Alma Mater. Writing—and still less reading—is by no means popular. In her recent work on Middlesbrough and its foundries, Lady Bell



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL CHINCHILLA SET BY THE GRAFTON FUR COMPANY, 164, NEW BOND STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

AN Exhibition of Motoring Modes, held last week at the Hotel Cecil, proved again that no end of attention is lavished on the appearance and the comfort of fair motorists. The Duchess of Sutherland, who can drive her own fine car with the same cleverness and capability that she shows in all she undertakes, was early on the scene, and informally opened the exhibition. Her Grace examined the exhibits and freely praised and criticised as she made her round. She was unable, through other engagements, to take part in the judging later. Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Lady Beatrice Rawson, Mrs. Manville, and Baroness Campbell von Laurentz were all busily employed on this task, made a difficult one by the general excellence of the garments.

It is difficult, while looking at the neat, practical coats, smart weather-proof hats, and many varieties of convenient and pretty veils and eye-protectors, to realise the first, or golliwog, stage of dress for this pastime, when horses were terrified of cars because of the hobgoblin aspect of their occupants. What struck me particularly was that linings to coats, whether of wool, leather, or cloth, were detachable, put in quite neatly with little patent fasteners. The lining is therefore only used for an open car in bad weather. As to hats, they are in great variety; some are very pretty, but some are not. A neat one in tan suede has a wind-cutting peak, is trimmed with leather, and has a silk curtain at the back and gauze to pull round at the sides and in front; while another is in white waterproof satin and is torpedo-shape, also, of course, provided with curtain and veil. A hood of soft macintosh—odourless, too, O my fastidious readers—is made to go over the hair and draw in under the hat, finishing with a deep shaped collar. This is excellent for any woman who motors to a dinner or luncheon-party, and wants to arrive spick-and-span.

I saw hoods and hats made of fur-felt, a new kind of thing, soft and light and non-spotting. I think our little friends the bunnies are responsible for providing the fur of which it is made. One hood of it had a double veil, which could be thrown back or caught down over the face. There was a neat little white macintosh cap, too, that was so soft and light it could easily be carried in the pocket. It was lined with serge in any colour, and could be worn either side out. Also it was amiable enough to turn down mushroom-wise or up sailor-like, as was most becoming to the wearer. What could a practical bad-weather hat do more? A neat contrivance to secure headgear, called the bogie grip, will be a boon and a blessing to those of us who are restive under the sway of the hat-pin, a charming ornament to a dress capote, but with a business end which is a terror for wear at any time when accidents may occur. Also a hat so attached in a high wind tugs uncomfortably at the roots of the hair—the cynic may say, provided there are any!

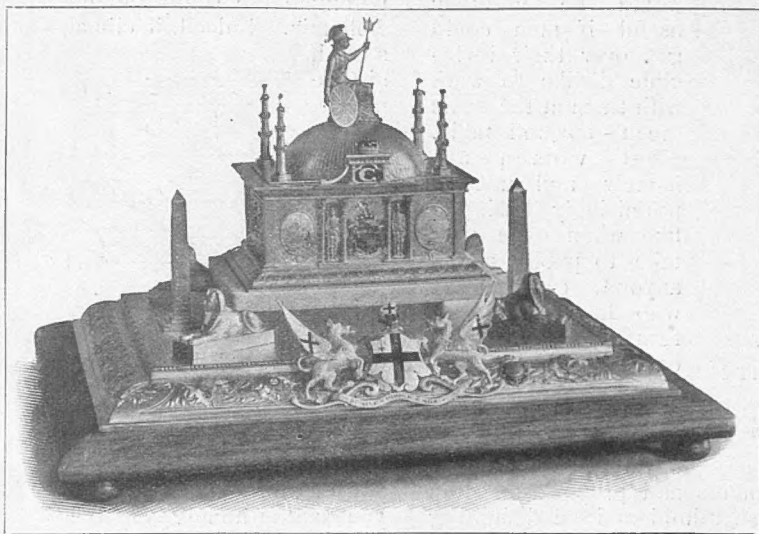
As to eye-protectors, the best I saw was a window of talc let into a gauze veil and neatly attached to the brim of the hat round the front and fastened at the back. It was removed and put on again quite easily, and there was a neat leather case to hold it when not in use. Also a clever contrivance was a veil run on round the hat on drawing-strings, and caught under the face into a wide neck-band of silk. This obviates the necessity for long and flowing ends, and if the wearer wants her face uncovered she simply draws the veil aside on its strings. If shopping it can be removed quite easily. I hear that coloured leather linings are often found guilty of staining pretty blouses. This accounted for the number I noticed that were of purely white leather, which, it is claimed, cleans like a glove, but many times more. A glove's powers of endurance are, we know, limited.

For my lady's comfort in visiting by motor and in touring there are lots of contrivances, including a dress-box to fit alongside the car—made dust-proof with rubber rolls all round the opening part and hinges of waterproof canvas, so that it can be washed clean of mud—capable of cherishing through all stress of travel by road the immaculate daintiness of evening toilette. A new luncheon-case appeals to both sexes, since an appetite is one thing we have in common. It is fitted with dishes, plates, and all utensils for the meal, that draw out so that lunch in the car does not mean the confusion of unpacking which, in small space, is apt to become "worse confounded." A new method of keeping meals hot will also be welcomed by the tourist off the beaten tracks. There is

the dearest little fitted motor dressing-case about the size of a handkerchief-box, in which are all the equipments for my lady's dressing-table in engine-turned silver-gilt, small, but quite practical. These are some of the up-to-date tips for the motorist that the exhibition has brought to light.

Hunting is now opening for the real season. I notice that the waistcoat once more appears in the smart woman's hunting-kit. It is now an integral part of the coat. The separate garment, once so favourite a thing with the dressy hunting-woman, is not practical enough for the hard-riding woman of to-day. The vest is fastened inside the coat, either from the side seam or the edges of the front. It is either of drill or of tattersal, and of some smart contrasting colour, if not of that of the facings of the hunt club to which the wearer belongs. Skirts are the same length, and the apron is regarded as the safest for the side-saddle position. For the astride position there is some difference of opinion as to whether a divided skirt hanging at either side of the saddle, or breeches, top-boots, and a long-skirted coat is best. The latter is most practical, but both look well. In top-hats a low, round crown is in favour, with rather a deep brim, and, curiously enough, the deep cloth band that used to be a mark of mourning, but is now a general fashion. Bowler-hats have rather wide brims, turned up well over the ears, and big crowns.

On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a very beautiful chinchilla set by the Grafton Fur Company. The stole-shaped cape is finished with heads at the back, and in series of soft tabs in front; the big flat muff is also finished with tabs. It is, like the productions of this firm generally, of perfect style, original, becoming, and distinguished. The hat which is on the same page is in fine fur-felt of the new wood-green tint, and is finished with ostrich-feather tips all round the crown.



THE GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD CROMER  
BY THE CITY OF LONDON.

The casket is specially designed, with a harmonious blending of English and Egyptian ornament, as being eminently appropriate to the recipient's great work in Egypt. It is of 18-carat gold, and was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.

employing Europeans only where the others could not serve. And these men of mixed race he found to be miracles of efficiency in the matter of accounts. These, he says, are destined to be the future book-keepers of the world. When he is found with a moment to spare to-morrow evening, his Yorkshire hosts may care to make a note of what he chooses further to say upon the subject.

The first turbine steamer intended for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Harwich-Hook of Holland service was launched at the yard of Messrs. Brown and Company (builders of the *Lusitania*), Clydebank, Scotland, the other day. She is named *Copenhagen*, will have a speed of 20 knots per hour, is 343 ft. long and 43 ft. broad, and will have accommodation for over 300 first-class passengers.

The "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," of Perth and London, has received notice that four holders of its policies under coupon insurance have been killed in the Shrewsbury railway accident. The "General" is the Company that paid £8300 in compensation to the killed and injured by the Elliott Junction accident in Scotland in January of this year, and £5000 in connection with the Liverpool railway accident last year.

Those inclined to over-stoutness, and those who have even reached that unfortunate position, may be glad to hear of Antipon, which is sold for the benefit of those in similar state to themselves. It is claimed that Antipon, "being a splendid tonic as well as a remarkable absorbent of superfluous fatty matter, improves digestion and creates a keen appetite," and that it will cause a falling-off of weight of from eight ounces to three pounds in the course of a day and night. The remedy is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or may be obtained, post paid and privately packed, from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.*

## THERMIDOR.

TERROR has been the order of the day in New York; let us hope the whiff of grape-shot duly administered by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the Napoleon of American finance, may be as effective as the similar remedy which his great prototype applied to the Parisians on the 13th Vendémiaire, year 4. If it were only an American panic which we had to lament it would not much matter in the present state of our markets, where the open account is small; but such a crisis as New York has gone through is bound to affect the monetary position in all the great centres of finance; gold must be got across the Atlantic, rates must rise here, and, worse than all, the collapse of so many financial institutions is bound to leave behind a mass of wreckage to be disposed of, the selling of which must take months.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"We talk, think, eat, drink, smoke, dream nothing but Americans," a dealer in Shorter's Court declared. "Phew! I am tired," and he sat down on one of the long ladders, close to Our Stroller.

His friend asked him if the slump were all over.

"Oh, don't ask such insane questions!" the dealer impatiently exclaimed. "You're not a broker, so I can say to you what I'm dying to say to my brokers who come to me all day long with the same idiotic inquiry."

"Sorry, I'm sure," laughed the other. "I admit it's a somewhat senseless thing to ask. Only clever people could answer it."

At the critical juncture a broker walked briskly up the Court, and the jobber jumped to his feet.

"What's going on?" asked the broker. "Is the slump all over?"

"Well," and the oracle assumed a highly judicial air, "I can't exactly say, although I've just been trying to answer the same question."

"It seems to me," said the broker, "that we shall have a very unsettled market in Americans for months to come; there must be tons of liquidation even after all this."

"True enough," another said, sauntering up. "What was that—sell Union? Thanks. Not quite so good again," and he turned to the group before him.

Our Stroller courageously said that he believed several of the American shares were well worth buying as speculative investments.

"I'm with you there, sure enough," a jobber agreed. "Have you any special fancies?"

Our Stroller, not knowing, shrugged his shoulders and answered that he was not prepared to say.

The others regarded him with a certain curiosity.

"Atchisons, Baltimores, and possibly Unions," the broker said, "should all be good enough to buy, provided that a man takes them up and can afford to disregard some further fall."

This seemed to meet with a general consent.

"If you buy Penns., Illinois, and New York Centrals—these three," continued the jobber, "I believe that this time next year you would see a big profit. But a fall may come first, I admit. Not panic, though; I think we've got past the fear of panic."

There was hardly so much unanimity on this point. One man roundly vowed the market "would go to pot," as he expressed it.

"In other words, that the American Railroads will be bankrupt, banks fail all round, and the Trusts collapse?"

"That's it. You've hit it in once," was the bland reply.

"No, but, joking apart," put in a broker, "it's really funny when you come to think about it."

"Joking apart, I admit it is excruciatingly funny," said a jobber. "But what is it?"

"Here we have Companies in New York, Pittsburg, and elsewhere suspending payment, and some State official says they're solvent! Here we have runs on banks, Trusts, and so on, and general nervousness, and the bosses say, 'It's all right; it's all right.' Quaint isn't the word for it."

Our Stroller's arm was grasped by his broker.

"Never saw you here, old man," the latter said. "Come and have some tea."

Six backless seats were speedily occupied by our two friends and four others, whom they met in the street. The talk, singularly enough, did not turn upon Yankees; it began upon Home Railway stocks.

"Let them alone, say I. They have to go lower before they will be better. If Mr. Bell —"

"Bell be —"

"Be what? D'you know, I've a sort of sneaking, detached admiration for the chap. He's self-made, and yet contrives to answer the whole artillery of criticism levelled at him by railway manifestors, press diatribes, and newspaper correspondents."

"It's not unplucky," admitted Our Stroller. "But I —"

"Yes; so we all do. And therefore I say, let Home Rails alone."

"What are we to advise our clients to buy?" complained the broker. "Chartered?"

There was a shout of laughter, which drew protesting fusillades of lumps of sugar from customers seated at adjacent tables.

"What with the *Morning Post*, the *Economist*, and the *Sketch*, and one or two other papers —"

"Not to mention Rhodesia Broken Hill."

"—And Rhodesia Broken Hill, I don't think I should put much money into Chartered just at present."

"Listen," said Our Stroller's broker. "The Company wants money—must have money. Where's it coming from? The public. Will the public put up more money if the shares are under par?"

"You mean the shares may get a bit of a twist up, so as to enable another issue of some sort to be made?"

"That's the idea."

"But it's the long run that's the thing," protested Our Stroller.

"Precisely. And in the long run, down they'll go. Put your money into Argentine Railway stocks, Mexican First Preference, Ind, Coope 4½ per cent. First Debenture stock at 80—"

"The last sounds cheap," mused Our Stroller.

## THE SANTA FÉ LAND COMPANY.

The report of the Santa Fé Land Company for the year ending June 30, 1907, will not be published for another ten days, but from the preliminary statement which has been issued it is clear that another big stride forward has been taken in the last twelve months. Five years ago a dividend of 1½ per cent. was paid on the shares, in 1902-3 the rate was increased to 2 per cent., in 1903-4 to 3½ per cent., in 1904-5 to 5 per cent., last year to 6½ per cent., and now for 1906-7 to 8 per cent. The profits for the two preceding years and the approximate profit for last year are as follows—

Profit for year ending June 30, 1905	..	..	..	£36,482
ditto. ditto. 1906	..	..	..	£48,182
ditto. ditto. 1907	..	..	..	£82,000

This increased profit has enabled the Directors, after raising the dividend to 8 per cent., to place £12,000 to reserve against £6000, and to carry forward £9000 more than was brought into the accounts. It was fairly clear from the speech of the Chairman, Mr. Ogilvie, at the last general meeting, that a larger profit might be expected, but hardly such a jump in profits as is indicated above can have been looked for. The Company has so many sources of revenue that it is impossible to say until the report appears whence the bulk of the increased profit has come. Approximately half of the gross profits last year came from the Quebracho wood business, and a bigger profit was expected in the next twelve months, and has, no doubt, been obtained. It is estimated that there are still something like a million tons of quebracho in the forests belonging to the Company, on which, at current prices, it should earn £1 a ton. Immediately important as this source of revenue is to the Company, its land and cattle interests will in time be greater than the wood interests. In this connection I may quote a few lines from the Chairman's speech: "We are still laying down alfalfa on our land, as I have told you; and, although it will not be done in my time—although we are every year getting it in—we can get from fifty to sixty leagues of alfalfa in on our Northern Blocks we shall have an absolute gold mine." It must be remembered that the Company owns some 4,000,000 acres of freehold land, so that its resources are enormous, and it is difficult to fix a limit to the potential value of the shares. Everything points to a period of great prosperity in the Argentine, and the partial failure of the crops in various parts of the world, with the consequent rise in prices, is of enormous importance to the Republic. The correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Buenos Ayres under date Sept. 19, 1907, remarks: "Land business is increasing daily with the advent of spring, and will receive a tremendous impulse once the new crops begin to come forward. Values of land are on the increase, money is plentiful and readily forthcoming. . . ." In these circumstances, the outlook for the Santa Fé and other Argentine Land Companies is very promising. Q.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1907.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SCOTTIE.—Canadas are so much mixed up with the New York market that it is at this moment impossible to say what may happen. We think the chances are that 170 is more probable than 150.

NORTHUMBRIA.—The whole thing seems to us a catch-penny affair, but you will have to pay the call on the shares. The less you have to do with the concern the cheaper for you in the end.

C. M.—(1) The Rubber Company we would not touch; there is no market for the shares. Last week some touts were offering 5s. each for them. (2) The paper is a most unsafe guide and of no value. (3) The Yankee position and the price of copper make the shares a gamble, but not a bad one on the whole.

EMPIRE.—We think the Broken Hill lodes are nearly vertical; hence the life of the mines, for practical purposes, is limited only by the depth at which work can be carried on. In Africa the lodes are very flat, and so run out of each particular Company's ground in a given number of yards.

MICHAEL.—As a gamble the San Francisco shares are not bad. We have no information of the Smelting Corporation, but no faith in it.

KYLE.—We recommend none of your concerns, all of which are highly speculative. These Deep Lead concerns have proved a great disappointment. There is no real price for the West Australian, but the nominal quotation is 3d. The reconstruction of the Commonwealth Trust is already announced. In view of the present American crisis and the amount of liquidation, which will have to go on for months, we think you must be a bold man to buy even now either of the shares you name. We prefer Atchisons or Baltimores.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I am inclined to think that the Cambridgeshire will be won by Malua, all being well. The other selections I feel called upon to give are: New Nursery, St. Elf; Moulton Stakes, Aubergine; Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, Chandelier; Jockey Club Cup, The White Knight; Free Handicap for Three-Year-Olds, Larig; Houghton Handicap, Pané; Richmond Nursery, Poor Boy; Dewhurst Plate, Perrier; Ditch Mile Welter, Fakir; Selling Welter, Vasco; Criterion Nursery, Whiting; Queensberry Handicap, Orwell; Free Handicap for Two-Year-Olds, Lesbia. At Worcester I like Ready Wit for the Autumn Handicap, Rarer Sort for the City Welter, and Tin for the Deerpark Nursery. The following should go close at Alexandra Park: Southgate Welter, Snatch; Hornsey Handicap, Early Bird; Islington Plate, Ladiola; November Nursery, Malines.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

*The Messenger.* By F. Frankfort Moore. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—  
*The Wondrous Wife.* By Charles Marriott. (Eveleigh Nash.)—  
*The Secret Agent.* By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen.)

JOHN WESLEY stands, a heroic, solitary figure, in the foreground of "The Messenger." The story turns upon an episode of his Cornish wanderings, when a tidal wave and a mighty thunderstorm wrought upon the minds of the country folk, and a false prophet found his opportunity of beguiling them to their confusion. Pritchard, the dowser, who was known to work authenticated miracles with his divining-rod, announced that Heaven had revealed the imminent date of the Judgment Day to him; and even the great Evangelist's influence failed to abate the panic that ensued. As Wesley pointed out subsequently, Pritchard was not altogether wrong, for his apprehensions were fulfilled, for him, by sudden death; and it might have been that his sympathy with the secret forces of Nature had enabled him to forecast the disturbances of atmosphere and sea which came to pass at the appointed time. The thread of the narrative is slight, but the characterisation has been worked out with devotion, and the result is a serious and a thoughtful book. It is not so easy to handle a Wesley in fiction, or to illustrate his renunciation of human love for his faith by a concrete example; but Mr. Frankfort Moore comes safely through the difficulty. We congratulate him on his achievement.

"The Wondrous Wife" is wondrous clever. It shines with the metallic brilliancy that seldom deserts Mr. Charles Marriott's pen. He is sometimes inhuman in the way he treats his puppets; he is frequently unsympathetic; he flies wide of the mark, as often as not, when he aims at depicting the emotional intricacies of the female, but he can dissect the foibles of both sexes with a remarkable accuracy. Here he relates how a poet's wife announces herself tired of his infidelities, and writes to say she is leaving him—

If you had been untrue to me because you were in love with another woman, I believe I could have forgiven you. How do I know that you were not? Because, although you foolishly tried to conceal your intrigue from me, you told half a dozen of your friends. For you, the real charm of the episode—which, if it had not been forced upon my notice, would have remained an episode—depended on its being known and talked about. I might forgive a wound to my affection, or even to my pride; but I cannot continue to live with a man who insults my intelligence.

It will be seen that Lisle, the poet, was afflicted by the temperamental frailty that tripped up Sentimental Tommy. His end was more terrible, if in another way only less ignominious, than that hero's. It is foreshadowed early in the book, when a nerve-

specialist strays into the gathering of hangers-on with which Lisle had filled his house after his wife left him—

Lisle was crossing the room, and to the doctor's eye there was something startlingly significant in his walk—a jerkiness as from a surplus of energy, the first fantastic steps of a dance of death.

For illuminating, sudden horror the last phrase would be hard to beat. We see what is to come, though Mrs. Lisle's action with regard to it is not allowed to develop until the closing chapters, by which time she has to make choice between elopement with an ardent lover and return to the service of her helpless husband. It is not a nice subject, and Mr. Marriott allows none of its unpleasantnesses to escape him; but it is threshed out with uncommon skill.

The psychology of a murderess, dainty dish fit for a De Quincey, occupies Mr. Joseph Conrad in "The Secret Agent." It is not the ostensible object of this "simple tale," as the modest sub-title has it, of anarchists, diplomatic gentlemen, and the *agent provocateur*. Nevertheless, it is the actual one. Mr. Verloc, the lady's husband, who was, to the public, no more than the proprietor of a mean shop of dubious merchandise, was a professional spy, known to the police, and to the inmates of a certain Embassy. He and his Anarchist associates bulk large in the picture, painted with a Zolaesque insistence upon grubby detail—painted too, let us admit, with that master's fidelity to life. Winnie, the wife, is seen behind them, an unobtrusive, secondary thing. She was the protector of her brother Stevie, a degenerate, who was liable to attacks of a frenzied pity for all oppressed and maltreated creatures. It became easy for the secret agent, driven to extreme measures by his Embassy's demand for a bomb outrage to force the hand of the British police, to make Stevie his tool. He convoyed him to Greenwich Park, and left him to blow himself to atoms in an attempt on the Observatory; but he was unfortunate enough to have his own complicity revealed to his wife. She, too, was a flawed vessel, warped as a child by her father's cruelty to the boy; and Verloc made the fatal mistake of a word of tenderness out of season. Wherefore, her nerves up in revolt, she killed him, the process and all the events leading up to it being very carefully described. As a specimen of Mr. Conrad's conscientious method, we quote from the Chief Inspector's conversation with the constable over the unrecognisable fragments of Stevie in the mortuary—

"You used a shovel," he remarked, observing a sprinkling of small gravel, tiny brown bits of bark, and particles of splintered wood as fine as needles.

"Had to in one place," said the stolid constable. "I sent a keeper to fetch a spade. When he heard me scraping the ground with it, he leaned his forehead against a tree and was as sick as a dog."

A simple tale? Oh, quite so.

## LETTERS FROM CELEBRITIES.

## THE HEALTHY MIND IN THE HEALTHY BODY.

The keynote of happiness, long life, and successful achievement is the healthy mind in the healthy body. Sanatogen is the tonic food which is being prescribed by the medical profession to-day to bring about this happy condition. Not only have 5000 physicians endorsed, in writing, the merits of Sanatogen as the ideal recuperative and restorative, but the most distinguished men and women of the day have not hesitated in coming forward to testify to the great value of Sanatogen.

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*William Sinclair*

Sanatogen is a scientific combination of pure milk albumen with glycerophosphates, and, owing

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*Sarah Grand*

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Those interested in getting well and keeping well should read an engrossing booklet by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E., the well-known medical writer. It is entitled "The Will to Do," and treats of matters of vital importance to our well-being in general and on modern nerve ailments in particular. The publishers, Messrs. F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., will send a copy entirely free of charge if mention is made of this paper.

# Keep PEPS always handy.

MEDICAL MEN are universally of opinion that the practice of making-up liquid medicines from prescriptions leaves too much margin for serious error. The uncertainty as to quality and condition of the liquid drugs and medicaments employed, the very variable qualifications and abilities of the dispensers, and the margin for error in measuring by hand so many minute ingredients, all make the mixture and its effect a matter of luck rather than of exact calculation.

Peps, the always handy tablets for coughs, colds, and

bronchitis, are not only free from the usual objections common to all liquid medicines: they have also the unique quality of conveying a medicinal agent direct to the throat and lungs in a way no liquid medicine possibly can. As the Peps tablets dissolve on the tongue, healing and soothing fumes are given off, and are breathed into the furthest corners of the lungs. Peps are absolutely free from the drowsy drugs found in most cough-mixtures and lozenges, and are always good alike for young and old.

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